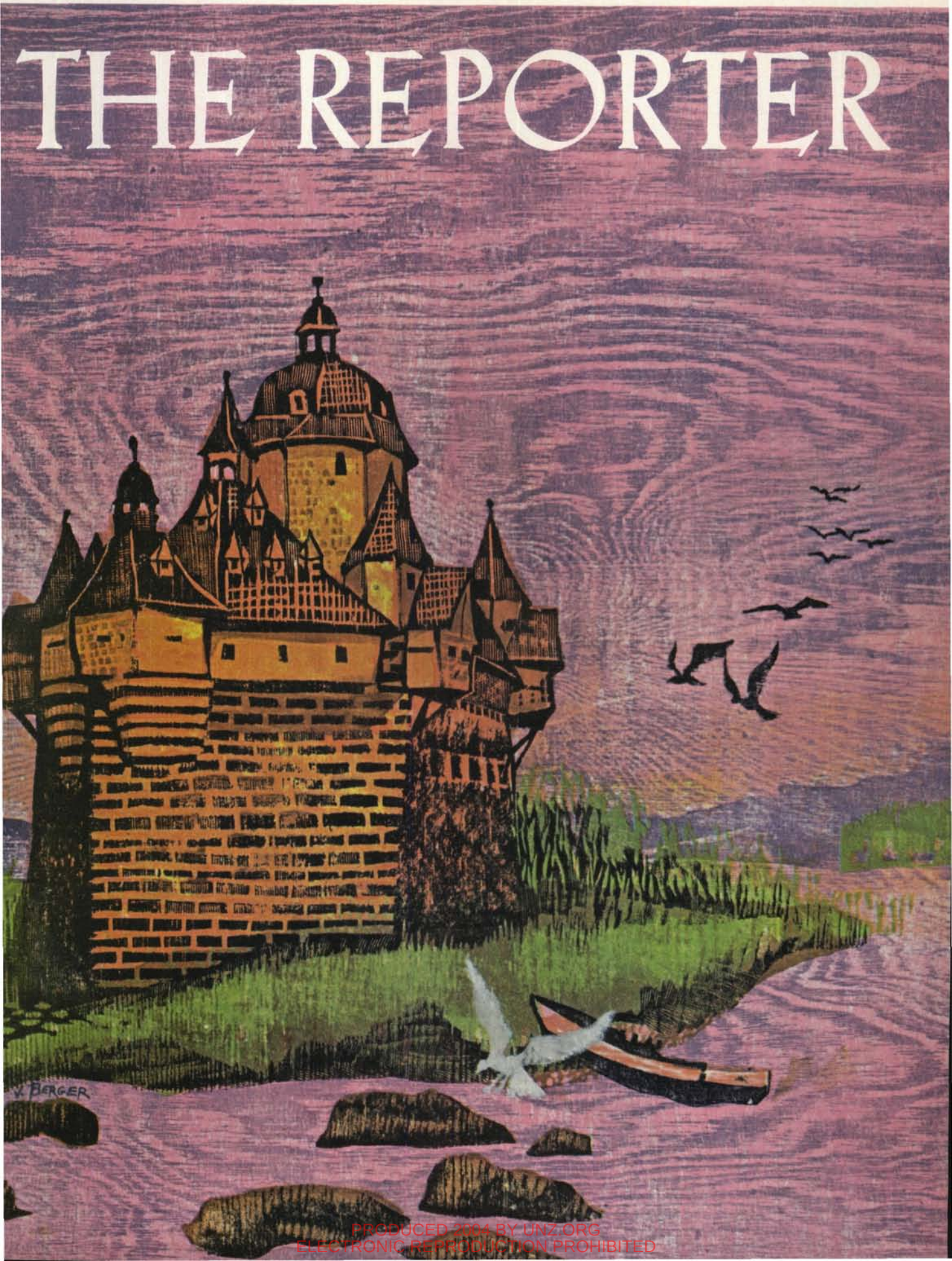
Red Parasite Economies

April 20, 1967 35¢

THE FIGHT AGAINST KODAK

THE REPORTER



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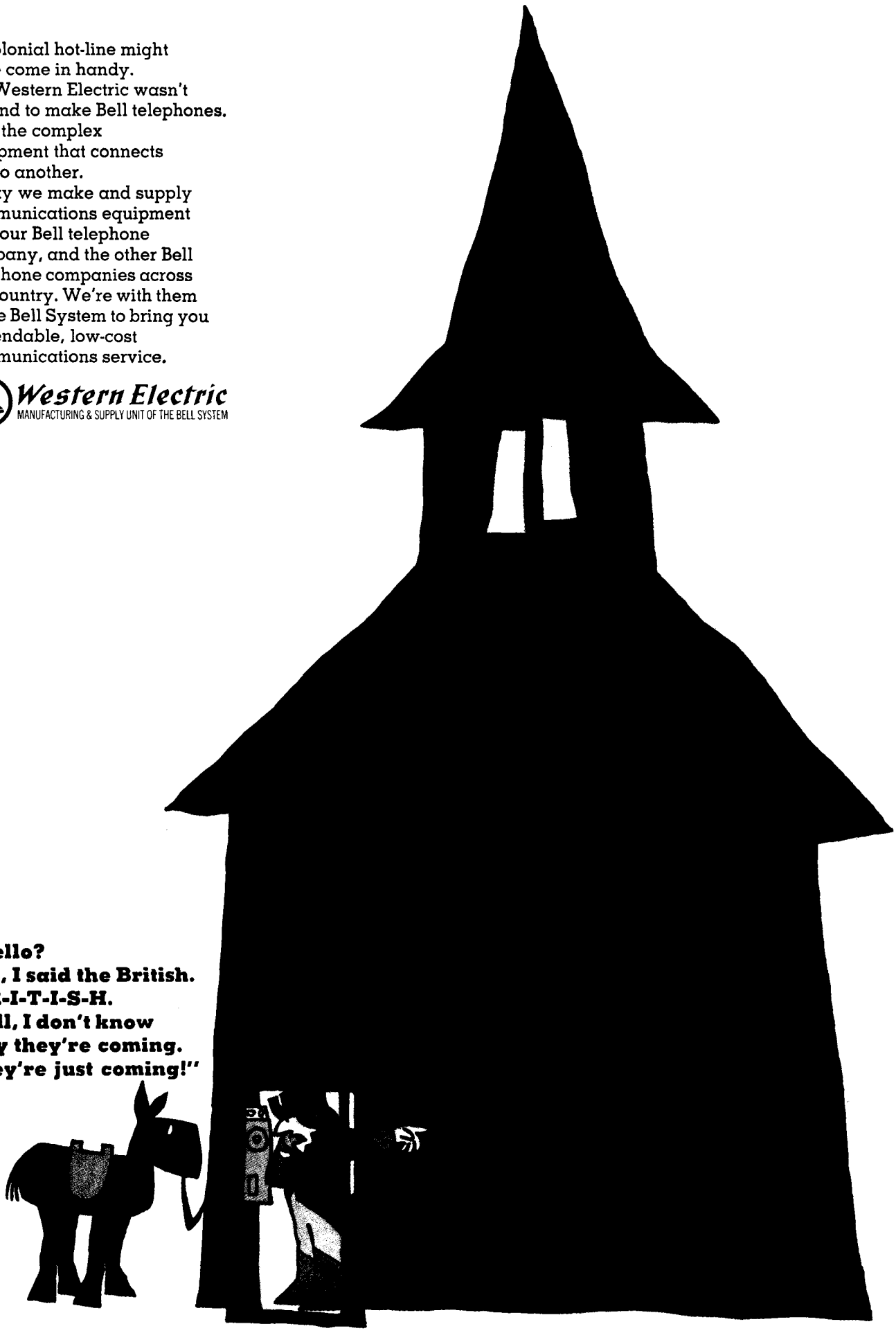

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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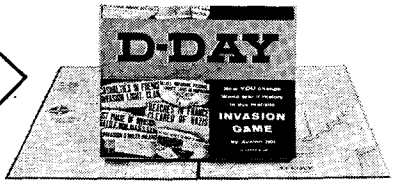

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI deals with one of the many critical problems our country is facing—the increasing tendency on the part of all organized religions to interfere with the conduct of government. The particular case he addresses in his editorial is the recent encyclical of Pope Paul VI, which is singularly critical of our policy toward the underdeveloped countries. The most vital part of the document is inspired by the philosophy of Jacques Maritain, a man whom the Pope has greatly admired. Maritain recently wrote a book—recently a best-seller in France—that is highly critical of what he calls the extreme modernism adopted by the Church.

THERE IS no lack of evidence that the economy of Eastern Europe under Communism has suffered in measure with the political oppression. What is perhaps less generally realized is the degree to which the region is an economic parasite that feeds not only off its own deprived peoples but also is helped to survive by trade and credits from the West. The Soviet economic master plan for Eastern Europe has failed. The countries that have done most to weaken the bloc economically and politically are East Germany, which did so because of inherent flaws, and Romania, which did so deliberately. Reports from Leipzig and Bucharest are provided by **George Bailey** and **Claire Sterling.**

STRANGE THINGS have happened to the civil-rights movement in its development away from the fight for justice in the South toward concepts as far removed from justice for all as black power. Perhaps none is stranger than the challenge of a Rochester, New York, group called FIGHT to the Eastman Kodak Company, which it attempted to boycott on a national scale. **Barbara Carter's** account tells much about the curious new alliances and methods being used by some rights groups today. Miss Carter is a former staff writer whose *The Road to City Hall: How John V. Lindsay Became Mayor* is to be published this spring by Prentice-Hall. . . . How much the unseating of Adam Clayton Powell has to do with race is a moot point, but there is nothing debatable about the record of miscalculations and ineptitude with which the issue was handled by most of the principals in the controversy. **Paul Duke** followed its bumbling course as an NBC News correspondent in Washington. . . . All the troubles that were predicted for the Congress Party of India once the guiding hand of Jawaharlal Nehru was gone are now materializing. The recent national elections exposed the weaknesses of the huge catchall party and gave the opposition control of eight states containing more than half of India's population. Although these opposition parties are widely divided by ideology, religion, and language, they have learned how to unite against the Congress Party, according to **Sundar Rajan,** an assistant editor of the Bombay *Times of India,* and their next target is New Delhi.

STONE AGE ART documents the first musical twang as produced by a hunter holding a bow in his mouth. We've come a long way since then, as any parent of a teen-ager can attest. **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** a frequent contributor on music, discusses the twang phenomenon in its many forms and concludes that there's a lot of lute to be made. . . . **Gerald Weales** continues his survey of the current theatre. He teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and is a past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism. The National Repertory Theatre, which he discusses briefly, will be in Washington, D. C., until April 15 and in New York from April 25 on a preview basis. The other plays in the cycle are *The Imaginary Invalid* and *A Touch of the Poet.* . . . **Alfred Werner's** most recent book is *Modigliani* (Abrams). . . . **Adam Clymer** covers the Supreme Court for the Baltimore *Sun.* . . . **Richard Kostelanetz** has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for a study of recent American thought. . . . **Andrew M. Greeley** is a member of the faculty at the University of Chicago and is associated with the National Opinion Research Center there. A sociologist and a Roman Catholic priest, he is co-author with Peter H. Rossi of *The Education of Catholic Americans* (Aldine).

Our cover, a castle on the Rhine, is by **Vivian Berger.** We regret that in our last issue the name of our cover artist, Oronzo Gasparo, was misspelled.

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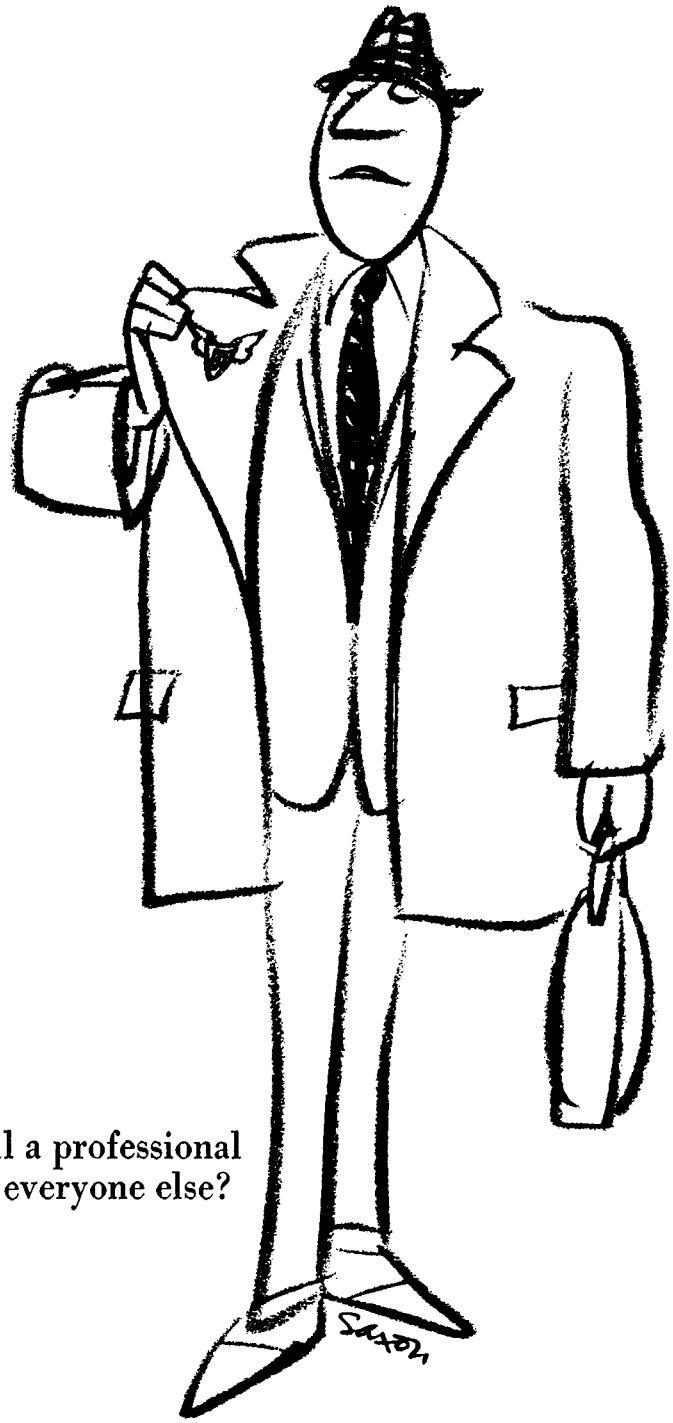

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CORRESPONDENCE

Max Ascoli's editorial "The Two USAs" in the March 23 issue has aroused a large and sharply divided response from our readers. Our correspondence columns are therefore entirely devoted to giving a cross section of the opinions expressed.

To the Editor: You mentioned in your last diatribe that you were born elsewhere, and that you belong to the "other America." Those of us in our America would be pleased if you would go back where you came from and leave us to settle our own affairs. In case you do not get the message, I am not renewing.

BILL HOLCHAK
San Antonio

To the Editor: I write to thank you for your strong and stirring editorial "The Two USAs." Its last paragraph was very impressive and very much needed but the whole editorial was both clear-thinking and sensitive.

Every American who reads it should be happy that since you had to leave your own land in search of freedom, you chose to come here.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB
Thomasville, Georgia

To the Editor: As a long-time subscriber to *The Reporter*, I read your editorial with a great deal of satisfaction. I have been a liberal all of my adult life in a part of the country where it has not always been popular and comfortable to be one.

I, like you, have become increasingly disturbed by the shrill and hysterical voices raised against the President and our position in Vietnam. Liberalism, to me, has always symbolized a boldness and a desire to experiment tempered by rationality, realism, and the willingness to engage in honest debate and discussion. I honestly doubt the liberal credentials of those who seem to advance the thesis that tyranny in Europe, whether Fascist or Communist, is dangerous to freedom while the same tyranny in Asia can be accepted as of lesser concern. The illiberal nature of these people is nowhere more strikingly revealed than in the attempts to silence the Vice President, an attempt that smacks of the era of the late Senator McCarthy.

As an early and ardent supporter of John F. Kennedy, I view with sadness the disservice to his memory of those who try to build a dynasty on the tragedy of his death.

Lyndon Johnson is not perfect, but he has had the great courage to lead this nation into an unpopular but necessary attempt to contain the Communist tide in Asia and to buttress America's legitimate claim to be a Pacific power.

Thank you again for your staunchness as a liberal and your courage as an American.

JOE E. MITCHELL
Chairman, Education Division
Texas Wesleyan College
Fort Worth

To the Editor: Please write more on the same subject. I, also, am proud to belong to that America which has Lyndon Johnson as its leader.

DR. RUSSELL M. HRECZUCK
Worcester, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I, too, am proud of the freedom that exists in this country, and Robert Kennedy's Senate speech echoed that freedom. Kennedy, like the President, is seeking an honorable solution, and he concurs with Senator Fulbright in thinking that our country would be well advised to use its power benignly, not arrogantly. As one who has been in Vietnam recently, I can assure you that the U.S. presence there is now causing nearly as many problems as the terror tactics of the Vietcong.

We have proven already that we cannot be defeated or driven out of Vietnam. Let's show the world that a great nation can be humble and compromising in its search for peace.

PETER M. STURTEVANT, JR.
CBS News
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: May I offer you my thanks and appreciation for your editorial "The Two USAs." It was time that somebody said this and said it just as clearly and sharply as you have. It should be quoted and reprinted.

Personally, I found the whole recent business about William Manchester's book rather horrifying. For one example: the hubbub that was made about Johnson rushing to take the oath of President before The Family was ready to turn over the office to him. Under the Constitution it would seem to me that it would have been Johnson's *duty* to have taken the oath of office immediately upon hearing of the event. Technically, as I understand it, the country was without an executive officer for some two hours.

HERBERT BERNSTEIN
Cincinnati

To the Editor: Three cheers for Max Ascoli! Although I do not agree with all of the statements made in "The Two USAs," I do feel that congratulations are indeed in order.

PAUL H. KNUDSON
Groton, Connecticut

To the Editor: You mistake the beginning of the split in our country as the death of President Kennedy. I think the split occurred as a result of President Johnson's adoption of almost messianic anti-Communism as the basis for foreign policy—especially in Vietnam—after his election in 1964.

Johnson's landslide victory was based on a much less militaristic and bellicose stance toward Communist countries, together with a much more effective domestic policy than he has demonstrated since 1965. Your contention that the Kennedys give "the most striking, powerful character to the one USA that is on the rampage" is most amazing in that it takes no account of the other USA that is "on the rampage" to the tune of $25 billion a year, half a million servicemen, and the scuttling of the Great Society—the USA that is trying to bulldoze Asia and Latin America.

Your zeal for freedom and sincerity as an American patriot is unquestioned, but your wisdom in foreign policy is certainly questionable. I do not agree that men like U Thant and Pope Paul are wrong and men like Ascoli are right.

WILLIS LUDLOW
Idaho Falls, Idaho

To the Editor: Your editorial is by far the most forceful and penetrating analysis of the disturbing and dangerous developments of which it treats. Let me congratulate you on your courage in defying the charges emanating from so many of your former "liberal" friends who are so amply demonstrating their lack of understanding of true liberalism.

CARROLL B. LARRABEE
Annandale, Virginia

To the Editor: I want to thank you for writing your opinion about the division crystallizing in the Democratic Party and nation. I enjoyed its forthrightness. Other magazines have had similar editorials, especially about the casual abuse and rancor directed toward the President, but were not so firm. I too "am proud to belong to that America which has its leader in Lyndon Johnson."

GARY ERICKSON
La Jolla, California

To the Editor: Your editorial succinctly defines the great problem facing our nation. Even if he were half right, Senator Kennedy's use of a great national problem for his own end is a betrayal of trust and an insult to the memory of his brother. I hope that the voters of New York State have an opportunity to remove him from office before he becomes an even greater insult to their intelligence, and a graver threat to the United States of America.

EDWARD L. HARRIS
Tyrone, New York

To the Editor: Max Ascoli's editorial will undoubtedly wring anguished screams from the group afflicted with the "If-It's-a-Kennedy-Bow-to-It" psychosis. I think Mr. Ascoli said something that needed saying. While I am no staunch supporter of President Johnson, he is the elected President. I have not forgotten that he was a Vice-Presidential candidate because his presence

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on the ticket was politically expedient to the Kennedys. If he was so totally unacceptable, as it now appears, why were they willing to take the chance that he might succeed to the Presidency? He was not an altogether unknown personality.

I have always resented the implication that he should have awaited the family's pleasure before being sworn in that day in Dallas. Just which was of prime importance, the Kennedys or the USA? Why should the prompt operation of Constitutionally provided procedure have been the cause of any comment? That comment was made gives validity to Mr. Ascoli's thoughts on the direction taken by the political ambitions of the rampaging U.S.A.

Even as far back as Dallas, one gathered the distinct impression that the grief of the Kennedy faction was at least fifty per cent for the loss of the keystone of their political edifice. I sincerely hope that this cynical group will be prevented from rebuilding around either of the Senators Kennedy.

ELIZABETH DENMAN
Beaver, Oklahoma

To the Editor: I cannot express in strong enough terms my disapproval of your editorial. Its shrill, paranoiac undertones, its vulgar denigration of all who disagree with you, its fanatic, knee-jerk obsession with Communism, its blindness as to the real complexities and troubling questions of the war in Vietnam, are all horrifying.

MRS. A. M. LEE
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editor: All right, the other half has heard you. Please count me against you, and for Senator Kennedy. He has weaknesses, but not the handicap of blindness. I am ashamed to align myself with the President in an unjust, aggressive war. Whatever happens, I do not want to know in my heart that I pretended not to see. I see, and I am sick.

RICHARD MILES
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Your editorial is a well-written, well-thought-out statement of opinion, for which you deserve credit. But its thesis troubles me, for I am *not* "proud to belong to that America which has its leader in Lyndon Johnson." I'm afraid your forced emigration from Mussolini's Italy has given you a perspective that colors and negates your otherwise true liberalism.

ANTHONY R. FOGLIO, JR.
Middletown, New York

To the Editor: I am enclosing my check for the renewal of my subscription. I have read your editorial on "The Two USAs." I am not sure of all you say, but I am persuaded that you are on to something that needs saying. Please continue your ideas.

WINSTON WESSELS
Detroit

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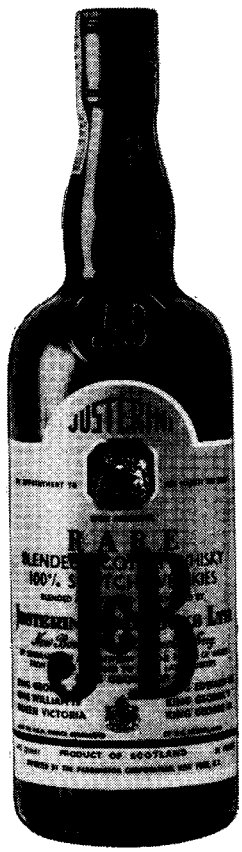

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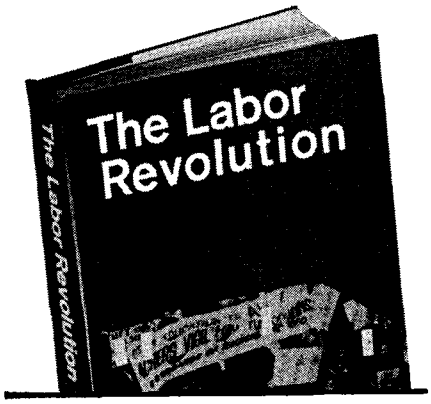

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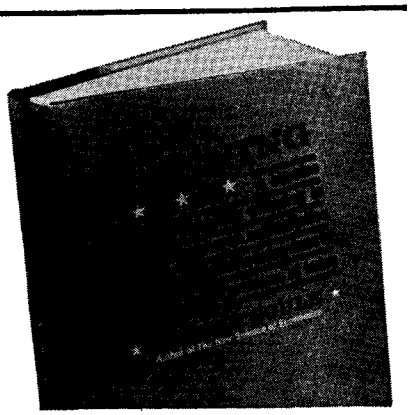

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Apolitical Postmaster

Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien's call for the sacrifice of politics to efficiency is an astonishing development in postal affairs and a reaffirmation of a trend within the President's cabinet. The trend is toward greater professionalism and more co-operation and co-ordination, and it has been mandated by the influx of Federal money authorized by the Eighty-Ninth Congress. O'Brien's plea for the removal of the Post Office from cabinet rank in fact proceeds from the same urgencies that led to the elevation to cabinet rank of two other activities in which the Federal government had been heavily involved: the Departments of Transportation and of Housing and Urban Development are both amalgams of constituent agencies that had labored in futile isolation before they were brought together. Both those departments now fall under the jurisdiction of an Executive order of August, 1966, that calls for compulsory meetings and "maximum consultation and co-operation among Federal departments and agencies in their administration of programs having impact on urban areas." And as for professionalism, whatever their failures in dealing with the great Tar Baby of Federal bureaucracy, both departments are almost apolitical. They are governed less on the basis of nineteenth-century patronage lists and more on the basis of twentieth-century notions of computers, cost-program analyses, and governmental decentralization.

President Johnson has been both praised and criticized for his habit of appointing specialists and/or persons already in government to cabinet positions. His encouragement of O'Brien's interest in a "depoliticized" Post Office Department in a way caps this trend. The nation's chief mailman has been a "general" since King George II appointed Benjamin Franklin postmaster general of the colonies in 1753, but more to the point, he has been a cabinet member and a leading practitioner of the spoils system ever since the Presidency of Andrew Jackson.

None of this has particularly helped meet the problems of delivering the mail in recent times. The general's power has been reduced by what O'Brien called "the restrictive jungle of legislation and custom" to a corporal's guard of minimal influence over his own department. He cannot control the postal service's workload, its fees and charges, its employees' pay and working conditions, its physical facilities, or its transportation. "My area of 'no control,'" O'Brien said, "is almost unlimited." Nor have the political rewards been all that rewarding. As one Congressman summed up the merits of postal patronage, "For every postmaster you recommend you get five disappointed malcontents and one ingrate."

O'Brien's plan as put forth before a meeting of the Magazine Publishers Association was unencumbered by specifics. Although he mercifully spared his audience the term "comsat-type" as an adjectival model, he mentioned only a "non-profit government corporation ... managed by a professional executive." This vagueness, generated perhaps by despair, has been echoed in a number of public and private surveys of postal ills. But there has been general agreement for some time that removal of the department from cabinet status and from the pressures of administration and Congressional politics provided the only hope of improving the nation's creaking if not collapsing postal service. Now the problem is one of working out details and gathering support from the far-flung and often mutually hostile constituents of the department—its clients, its pa-

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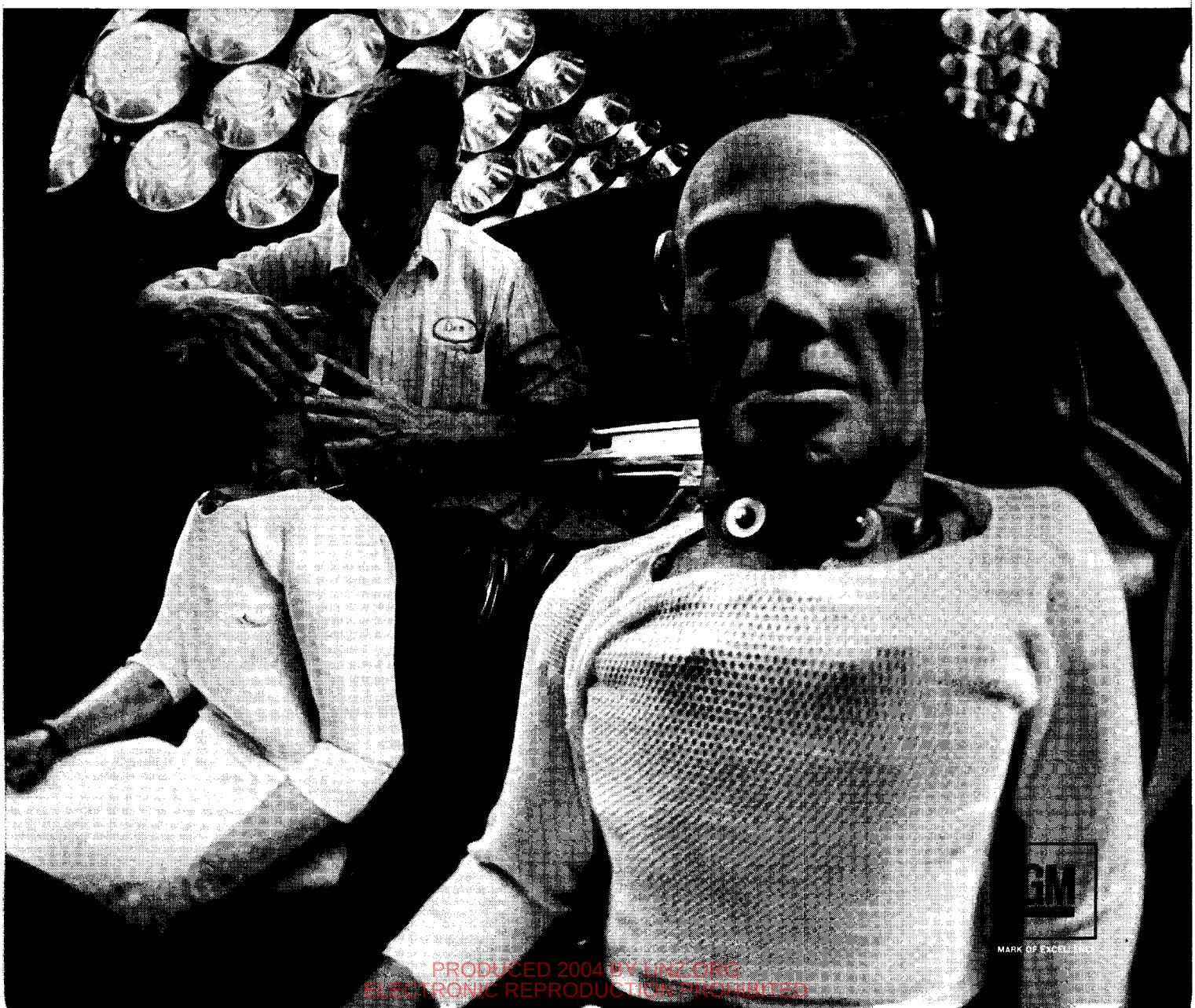

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trons, not to mention the most intractable of all, its innumerable dependents.

Sabotage in the Senate

In his message to Congress on March 13, the President observed that although he was empowered to "reach understandings" with other governments by virtue of his executive authority, he preferred to work "as partners" with Congress in formulating the program of increased assistance and support for a Latin-American Common Market he would offer at the Punta del Este Conference. "I seek your guidance and your counsel." He got Congress's counsel all right, but it was divided. The House quickly approved a resolution endorsing the $1.5-billion program, but the Senate Foreign Relations Committee killed it. Whether or not the hasty efforts to revive it could succeed, the damage was done. The chairman led this most recent uprising himself, mobilizing dissident elements and capitalizing on a number of old grievances against the administration.

After the senatorial rebuff, there was a good deal of talk in Washington about the wisdom of the President's effort. In asking for a resolution that he did not need, the President was merely following a practice which has become increasingly popular in recent years. These resolutions, which appear to be pure expressions of Congressional will, are intended mainly to help an administration in its dealings abroad and they have a way of getting out of hand.

Over the years the process has been refined and in addition to the resolutions expressing solidarity and support we now have also the ones voicing alarm or suspicion which may equally serve an administration's ends. It is a sort of reversal of the Little Red Riding Hood story, in which Congress is content to disguise itself as the wolf and to howl mercilessly about a given situation—a spectacle that is expected to strengthen an administration's hand in negotiating the problem itself.

Thus, despite Congress's widespread boredom with the subject, in 1964 it passed a resolution ex-

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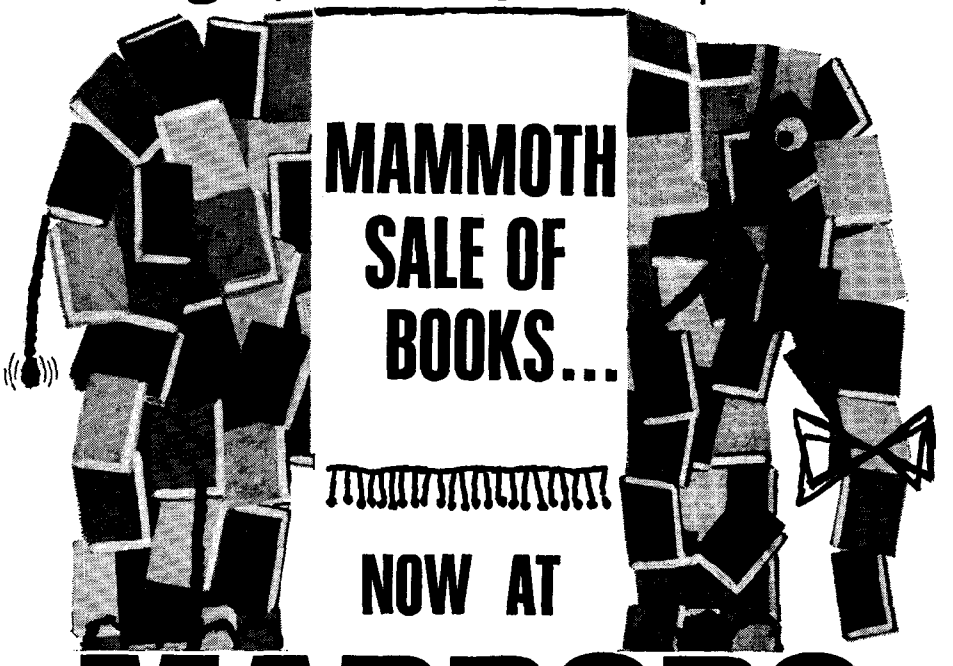

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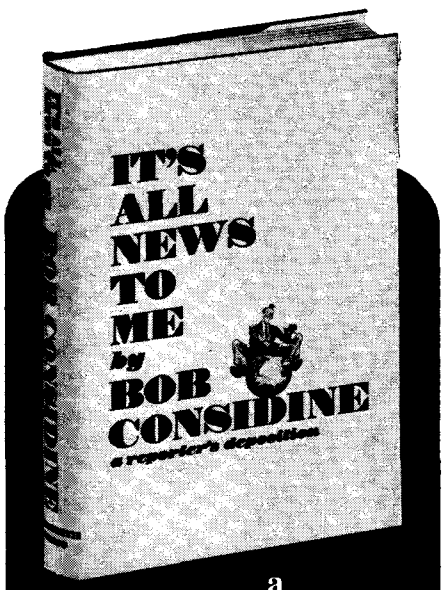

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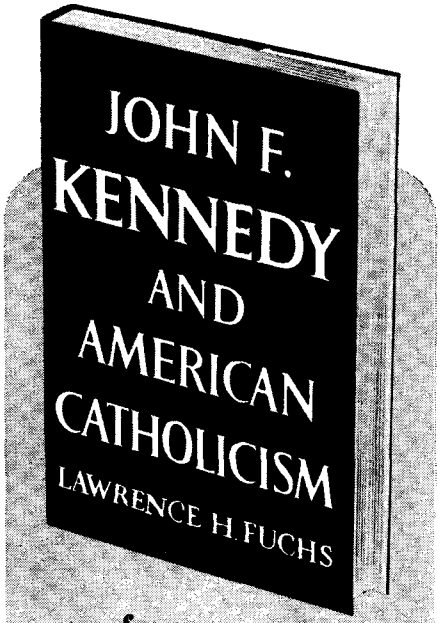

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pressing its passionate determination that the Soviets and the French pay their United Nations debt. The menacing tone of the resolution was thought to be useful to Secretary of State Dean Rusk in handling the matter at the U.N., and Rusk did cite it from time to time—to no apparent avail. A more recent and far more serious episode concerned the resolution introduced by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and supported by all thirteen members of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, which called for a substantial reduction of U.S. troops in Germany. Although the President and Secretary Rusk were appalled by the sweeping form the resolution finally took, it was no secret on the Hill that many of the Senators who went along with it thought they were doing the administration a favor, since Defense Department officials had let it be known that some wolflike howling would be very useful to them in their negotiations with West Germany on the thorny problem of "offset payments."

THE DANGER of this kind of maneuver is all too obvious: Congress can make public policy it may eventually regret. When the resolution is meant to be endorsed it is the administration which takes the risks. Why did it take the chance on the Punta del Este resolution? By and large its optimism seemed justified at the time. At a White House meeting with about forty legislators (Senator Fulbright was invited but did not attend), the plan was discussed and appeared to enjoy support. Moreover, its enthusiasts included such unlike senators as Bourke Hickenlooper (R., Iowa) and Wayne Morse (D., Oregon). What the administration did not bargain for was the undercurrent of dissensions in the Foreign Relations Committee, which was increased when it became clear that the administration itself was pressing Senator Morse to take a leading role in overturning the chairman's known position. Moreover, at closed sessions everyone seemed to find a couple of "whereas" clauses to which he objected. Intensified pressure from the administration then made matters worse: the Senate, as President John-

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Luis Jiminez is starting 4th grade a little late. Thanks to the Smiths.

In the Colombian village of Soacha, school is a luxury that fathers of even the brightest, most ambitious children can't afford. So it didn't surprise anyone when Luis Jiminez dropped out of school in the third grade. The big surprise—Soacha calls it a little miracle—is that Luis went back to school this year.

Betty and John Chabot Smith made it happen. Through *Save the Children Federation* they're giving $15 a month to give Luis a chance he never thought possible.

Who are these "miracle workers," the Smiths? If you met them, they might tell you of their daughter's baby. Or their son, who's working his way through law school. John might talk about his work as a teacher of creative writing. Or you might be interested in their charming colonial farmhouse in southern Connecticut. It's almost paid for. The Smiths are a long way from being wealthy. Although you'd have a hard time telling that to the people of Soacha.

Until the Smiths came along, few in Soacha had any knowledge of the outside world. They knew a lot about desperate poverty, hunger and hopelessness, though. Take Luis' father, for example. His take-home pay is $10 a month. He has five children to feed. School for Luis wasn't in his budget.

But this was before the Smiths. Betty Smith first became interested in *Save the Children Federation* when she worked for them last year. Time after time she saw them do wonders for people with the money received from sponsors. Now the Smiths are sponsors. And their $15 a month is doing wonders for Luis, his family and even the village.

Luis is back in school. Luis' father has a small patch of land he had never cultivated because he could not afford seed and fertilizer. This year he is growing corn. With all this, there is still money left over. This money, together with funds from other sponsors, was borrowed without interest by the village to build a new school.

More money and more people like the Smiths are needed to give other children the boost they need to permanently end their need for help. That's what *Save the Children Federation* is all about.

Although contributions are tax deductible, *Save the Children* is not a relief agency. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals and a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village, the "seed money" they need to start helping themselves.

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Save the Children Federation is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports are available on request.

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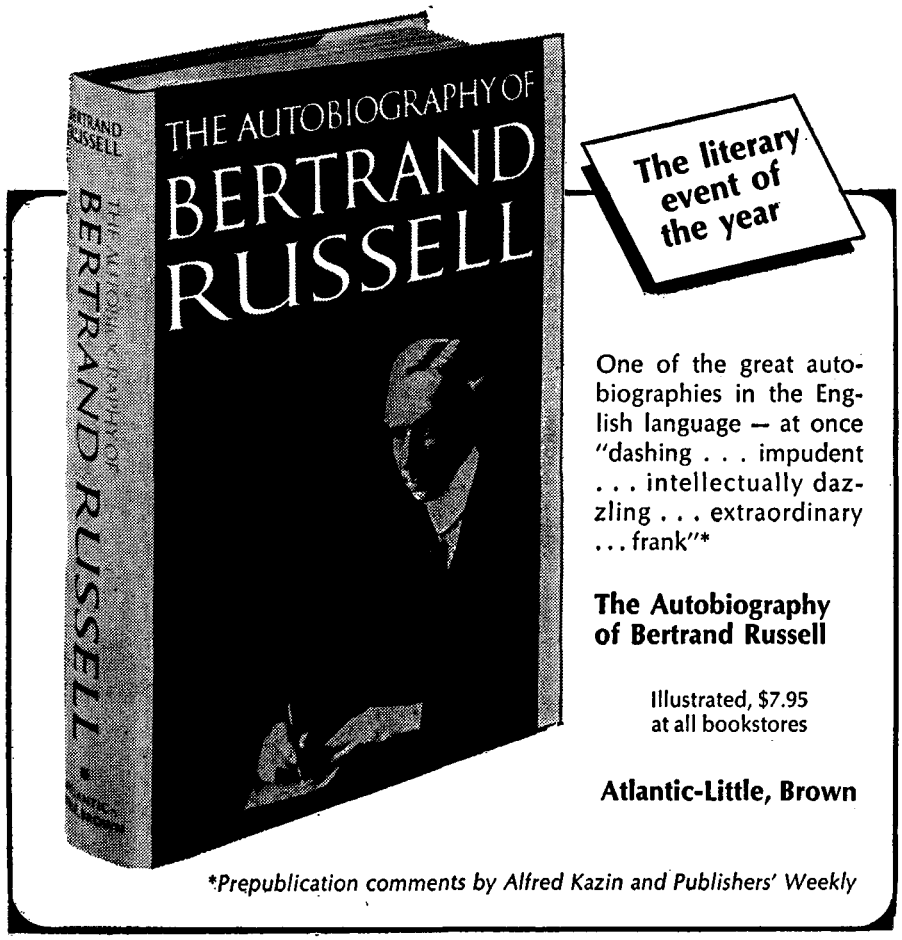

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Views of the law and lawmakers from a man who sits in judgment

BENCH-MARKS

by

Henry J. Friendly

One of America's leading jurists, a judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, reflects upon the business of judging, the study and practice of law, the federal administrative agencies, and problems arising out of our federal system. He discusses, with warmth and appreciation, four great judges — Holmes, Brandeis, Learned Hand, and Frankfurter. His passionate belief in the role of law in our society is clearly seen as he writes about such questions as what is justice and in his discussion of the Supreme Court's decisions on the right to counsel during police interrogation.

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son well knows, is notoriously sensitive about legislation sent down from the administration to the effect that Congress resolves this or that—even, when, as happened in this case, some Senators had urged that it do so.

In the aftermath of the episode it was said that rather than a public resolution, the administration should have sought a private understanding with Fulbright and others prior to the President's journey. There is, however, nothing to suggest that Fulbright was amenable to such a move. Last year, when Vice President Humphrey was in Asia, Fulbright went so far as to announce that he intended to haul Humphrey up for hearings on his return, to find out what kind of commitments he had been making without so much as a Congressional by-your-leave. On the question of the Punta del Este program he appeared to take equal offense at the administration for attempting to consult with him. Probably the administration would be better off if it made reasonably clear to the majority of the Foreign Affairs Committee that Senator Fulbright is succeeding in sabotaging not exactly the foreign policy of our country but the effectiveness of the committee he heads.

Easier Said Than Done

The word "gap" has come in for a lot of hard usage in the last few years. Being shorter and snappier and somehow more attuned to the mod generation, it has been adopted as a vague synonym for those other overworked vague words "problem," "question," and "shortage." Among others, we've been asked to face up to the missile gap (perhaps the first), the technological, the informational, the credibility, the generational, the anti-missile, and the anti-anti-missile gaps.

Perhaps the gap to end all gaps, however, was supplied by the chairman of the Nixon for President Committee, Dr. Gaylord Parkinson, who, when asked how Nixon could get around the "Tricky Dick" image, answered, "He's going to have to change. We're going to have to close the likability gap." With this kind of help from Dr. Parkinson, it will take some doing.

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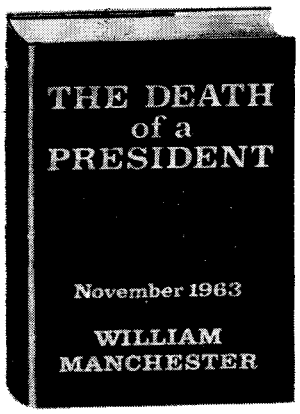

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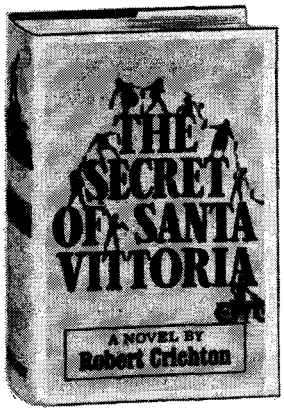

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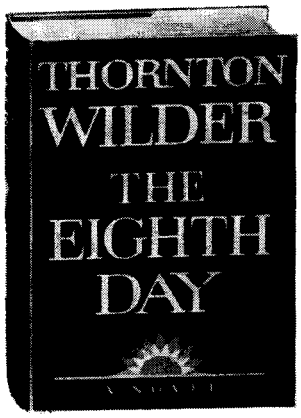

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On Church and State

AMONG the epochal changes our country and the world are going through none is more basic than the one affecting the relationship between the spiritual and political realms. Let it be enough to say that the boundary between "unto Caesar" and "unto God" has become so blurred as to lose its evangelical simplicity.

Recently, Pope Paul VI issued his *Populorum Progressio* on the needs of the emerging nations. This encyclical fully uses the right first established by Leo XIII in his *Rerum Novarum* to trespass into worldwide economic and social issues. Pope Paul in his major encyclicals has exhibited a singular talent in formulating broad principles without losing sight of the limited range of their validity. In none did he exhibit this virtue as in his first, *Ecclesiam Suam*. "Increased possession," he says in his latest one, "is not the ultimate goal of nations nor of individuals. All growth is ambivalent. It is essential if man is to develop as a man, but in a way it imprisons man if he considers it the supreme good, and it restricts his vision."

He goes on: "It is not sufficient to promote technology to render the world a more human place in which to live." The same is true about individual or collective wealth, about family discipline, etc. None of these benefits is considered as an end in itself. About literacy there seems to be some difference: it renders man capable of self-realization. There is no danger of ambivalence here, and the illiteracy of the literate is ignored.

The conclusion of the first part is superb. It is based on the philosophy of Jacques Maritain, whose name is conscientiously mentioned in the footnotes. This philosophy was never more beautifully expressed than by the Pope himself: "There is no true humanism but that which is open to the absolute and is conscious of a vocation which gives human life its true meaning. Far from being the ultimate measure of all things, man can only realize himself by reaching beyond himself."

THE REST of the encyclical makes Paul VI sound like a senior Barbara Ward. It's all in favor of developing nations, whose nationhood is considered as sacred and forever established. There is no end to the tirades against the rich countries afflicted with "superfluous wealth." Only one such country may be thus labeled. He goes over the head of the appropriate Congressional committee to ask peremptorily that we be required to pay higher taxes and a higher price for imported goods for the benefit of the underprivileged countries.

There is one passage in the document on which many an American would concur: "But let everyone be convinced of this: The very life of poor nations, civil peace in developing countries, and world peace itself are at stake." Man's destiny thus depends on Mobutu's Congo, on Yemen, and on the large number of probationary nations, each endowed with the right to send delegates to the U.N. There is a queer micromania around, ever ready to extend the most generous assistance to whatever government is feeble and insecure, irrespective of the way it rules its people.

The Church of Rome, which cannot possibly abandon its claim to catholicity, needs a global secular counterpart, a substitute for the empire of old. Even if it is only a shell, it is better than nothing. This is why the Church is so zealous in caring for any fragment of mankind which, no matter how ephemeral, can be fitted into the whole. This is also why it insists on having all countries included, even those ruled by anti-humanistic governments irreconcilably antagonistic to the humanism of Pope Paul and Maritain.

The fondness for timeless universal principles is characteristic not just of the Church but also of our country, and sometimes American Presidents have expressed it passionately. Pope Paul, even when he is most irate, is notably free from messianism. Lyndon Johnson, on the contrary, sometimes has spoken with messianic fervor (though blissfully less so recently), as when he said in the 1965 State of the Union message, "Our nation was created to help strike away the chains of ignorance and misery and tyranny wherever they keep man less than God means him to be." In his Johns Hopkins speech he said: "For all existence, most men have lived in poverty, threatened by hunger. But we dream of a world where all are fed and charged with hope. And we will help to make it so."

Should one add that America's record in the assistance of other peoples has not been too bad, and that for all the troubles inflicted by Representative Otto E. Passman on the men in charge of foreign aid, the effort has become essential to our nation's growth?

THE IMMEDIATE conclusion couldn't be any simpler, though the issue is immensely complex, for it has to do with the accounting of the joint partnership which extends to all earthly things of what is due unto Caesar and what is due unto God. For the time being, we can be satisfied with a quiet division of labor, mutual respect, and reciprocal independence between the leaders of historical religions and the man responsible for the conduct of public affairs in this free nation.

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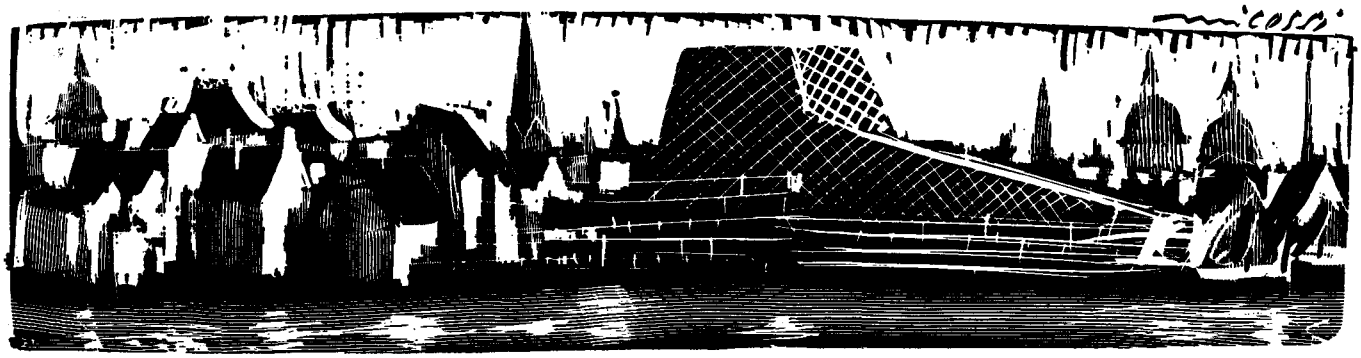

East Germany: The Plan Collapses

GEORGE BAILEY

LEIPZIG

THERE IS in progress here a pursuit —all the more dogged for being quixotic—of an image conceived in the imagination, projected outward onto the field of vision by faith, hope, and long-term credits, and given a name: the East German Economic Miracle.

"In Germany," wrote Stendhal, "impassioned hearts are strangely divorced from logical heads. And so the honest Teuton is never slow to assume the existence of anything whose existence appears to be desirable." In today's Germany—East and West—Stendhal's remark goes double for the foreign observer. Most observers in Germany, both domestic and foreign, carry the heavy baggage of ancient and modern prejudice that largely predetermines how and where the objects and incidents observed will fall into place.

There is much to observe, mainly signs, billboards, and streamers with legends and slogans, especially during the annual spring Trade Fair in Leipzig. This March I saw large billboards that read: "The GDR—Recognized and Reliable Partner for all the States of the World!" "The GDR Is a Reality!" "Internationally Recognized World Trade Center Leipzig!" "Through Rationalization and Concentration to a High Degree of National Economic Effectiveness!" Some were curious: "Experience the Sonorous Achievement of Technology—Listen to the Radio!" Some were rather wistful, like the discreet legend in the music shop just off Leipzig's main square informing the observer that he could buy the sheet music for "La Paloma."

There were other legends in much smaller lettering, on the labels of foods put up in mason jars: "Consumers! When you open this jar use an appropriate opener. For protection against glass splinters cover the jar with a towel while opening!" A common legend on canned goods is "Conservation guarantee—four months." In one case proudly on display at the height of fair time in a shop window on Leipzig's main street was a can of pork with a conservation guarantee of six months and the date of canning stamped in blue ink on the label: November, 1964.

Over a period of a good many years I used to go every week or so to a food shop on the Friedrichstrasse in East Berlin. The metal caps on the mason jars were always encrusted with rust. The contents, usually peas or carrots, would float a two-inch layer of mottled lard. In five or six years I never saw anybody buy one of the glass jars and I finally asked a clerk if they ever in fact sold any. "Very seldom," he said, and added with the Berliner's wit, "Those who do buy them are probably food inspectors from West Germany who test their toxicity. Most of our regular customers are afraid of them because they explode if you don't keep them cool and out of the light."

The ramshackle evidences of crash-

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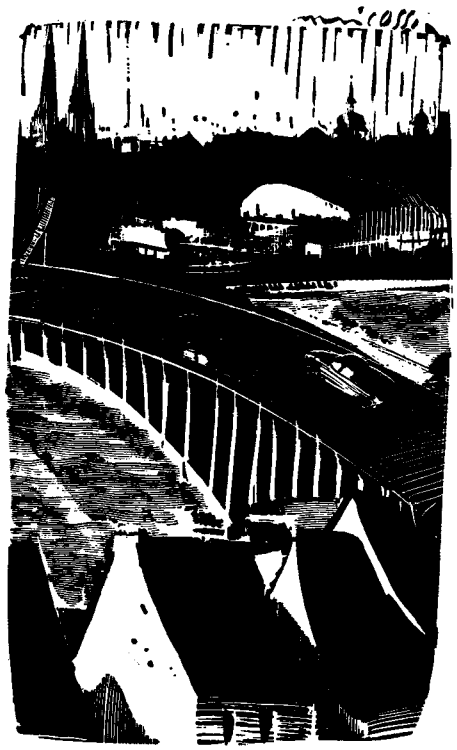
program quantum planning and general disrepair lend a Balkan aspect to the country. Otherwise the East Germans could have been suspended in time, seeming much more specifically "German" than the West Germans in both the best and worst senses of the term. There is an impression of unnatural, synthetic preservation, a formaldehyde effect: the East German Communist, when he emerges from his official cover, as when drunk, emits a fascist whiff—perhaps because he is a reinforced Socialist of the old National Socialist (Nazi) combination—a reminder that in East Germany Hitlerism was immediately replaced by Stalinism. But in the interlocking system of paradoxes that make up divided Germany, it is the old legitimist pretender, West Germany (westernized, integrated, and modernized—an open society), that is new, while the self-styled New Germany is old, a held-over remnant. Indeed, Prussiandom (*Presussentum*) is being deliberately and openly cultivated by the régime with the restoration of such things as the goose step and traditional Wehrmacht uniforms—the trappings of the greatest and most hated military tradition in European history.

The only thing to recommend the East German—if it could be found—would be a peculiar prowess as an economic producer. And hence the quest for the economic miracle. It is now nearly six years since the construction of the Wall. The time was ripe for evaluations of East Germany *post murum*, not least because—as a result of stopping the debilitating labor drain inherent in the flight of a quarter of a million citizens every year—for the first time the East Germans have had the chance to prove their economic prowess under conditions, however brutally enforced, of stability.

There are recurring reports in the western press to the effect that the German Democratic Republic is now the second most important industrial power in the Communist world and Europe's sixth largest industrial producer, etc.; or that the performance of the East German economy—like it or not—is even more impressive than the West German economic miracle, etc. The East German Communists are doing their utmost to convince the world that these claims are founded on fact.

Victims of Neglect

"For the victory of the socialist form of society over capitalism," pronounced Lenin, "work productivity will be the ultimately decisive factor." With this fiat, production became the first commandment of Marx. Hence the perpetual Communist obsession with the increase of production in general and the expansion of heavy industry in particular. Forcing industrial expansion by a strict system of priorities has categorically determined the neglect of entire areas of the economy: the principle of the system is basically



that of the breakthrough in military strategy—the concentration of overwhelming force at one or a few selected points to the commensurate neglect of the field as a whole. Specifically, the object of the exercise was to neglect those areas which could best stand it over a longer period so as to maximize heavy industrial production while minimizing plant and equipment renewal and relying on spot repairs to maintain existing assets in service and production. Retirement rates of productive fixed assets were extraordinarily low throughout most of the 1950's in Eastern Europe. In Czechoslovakia, for example, less than one per cent were replaced by new equipment. East Germany has been almost equally remiss.

The chief victim of the selective neglect was the service sectors of the economy in general, where capital investment would not in any case show direct results, and transport in particular. In a report to the central committee of the Socialist Unity Party last September, Günther Mittag, chairman of the State Council's Committee for Industry, Construction, and Transport, admitted that the average age of East German steam locomotives—still the workhorse of rail transport—is thirty-five years and that of East German freight cars is thirty years. Forty per cent of the trucks are over ten years old. Moreover, there are some seventy different makes of trucks from various countries operating in East Germany. This motley assortment has led to what the régime calls a "fragmentation of the truck-repair service." The failure to provide timely renewal or large-scale modernization, especially of railroads, rolling stock, roads, and storage space (warehouses, silos, and cattle barns), has resulted in scarcities and a total lack of reserves. This has made the system and the planning it requires all the more susceptible to sudden stoppages of supplies due to breakdowns.

The collapse of long-term planning is most conspicuous in building and housing construction. In West Germany almost half of the housing has been built since the war; in East Germany only one-seventh, and the rate of deterioration is very high. About seventy thousand housing units are built in East Germany every year while 35,000 old units collapse or have to be condemned. While in West Germany new housing units have gradually increased living space to an average of eighty square meters, in East Germany the average provided by new units has gradually decreased to less than fifty-two square meters. According to Günther Mittag's report, it cost 2.9 billion marks in 1961 to build ninety-two thousand units; in 1966 it cost 3.4 billion marks to build slightly less than the planned sixty-five thousand units. Mittag ex-

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plained the reduction in housing construction by citing the need to give priority to schools, kindergartens, stores, and the building up of city centers.

THE REAL POINT is that investment costs have risen more sharply and to greater heights in East Germany than anywhere else in the Soviet bloc. In a speech at the Eleventh Party Plenum in December, 1965, East German Communist leader Walter Ulbricht emphasized this point: "While in the years 1951 to 1955 a growth in national income of 21 billion marks was achieved with an investment volume of 32 billion marks, for 1956 to 1960, investments of 62 billion marks brought the same increase of 21 billion marks; and in 1961 to 1964, investments of 66 billion marks brought a growth of national income of only 10.7 billion marks." Accordingly, East Germans were paying six times what they did in 1951 to achieve the same output.

Over the same period, the real income of workers and employees in East Germany more than tripled, but since 1960 the annual increase has averaged only 2.6 per cent, while investment costs, which in part reflect this increase in wages, more than doubled.

This development accounts for the marked recession in the fulfillment of planned investment. From 1964 to 1965, fulfillment dropped from 97 to 87 per cent. When the plan for 1966 was accordingly scaled down from 19.7 billion to 18.9 billion marks, fulfillment rose to an estimated ninety-three per cent, but this figure really just meant maintaining the investment level of the last three years. This recession has been accompanied by a falling off in consumption. The total consumption decreased by 1.4 per cent from 1963 to 1965, with the downward trend gradually gaining momentum over the period; per capita consumption showed a slightly greater decrease of 1.5 per cent for the same period with the same trend.

Quite apart from the studied neglect of so many areas of the economy (and the resultant accumulation of obsolete plant, unfinished products, and inefficient services) that is the dark side of the command economy, the very concentrations on the positive side have placed intolerable strains on the "favored" sectors, such as the industrial-construction and machine industries. The United Nations *Economic Survey of Europe* for 1962 estimated the value of unfinished investments in Czechoslovakia, East Germany, and Hungary at one year's gross fixed investment —in the case of East Germany about 16 billion marks or $4 billion.

A Flight from the Farms

The underlying cause of Communism's uneconomic economy is the principle of making all measures directly or ultimately dependent on purely political considerations. The most striking example of this approach is the traditional Communist compulsion to collectivize agriculture. In East Germany, collectivization took a particularly abrupt and virulent form in the spring of 1960, when the régime forcibly collectivized the remaining half of East German agriculture in an intensive day-and-night campaign that lasted just six weeks. This rash action precipitated the flight en masse of farmers from the land and the country, ruined the harvest, and severely crippled the entire agricultural economy—particularly since it resulted in the large-scale slaughter of livestock and the neglect of fields. In this connection the régime was forced to increase investment in agriculture by some thirty per cent over the next several years, to the persistent accompaniment of almost uniform stagnation of agricultural production to this day.

Moreover, the move necessitated a fifty-six per cent increase of wheat imports in 1960 over the 1955-1959 average, and they have continued at an average of twenty-five per cent above the late-1950's level. In 1963, East Germany commenced importing quantities of wheat and feed grain from the United States for a total to date of $35 million in scarce hard currency. Since 1961 the wheat shortage has averaged 1.2 million metric tons, or about half the amount needed to feed the population. Since collectivization, imports of coarse grain have risen more than seven hundred per cent. Imports of potatoes, after rising four hundred per cent for 1962-1963, jumped another two hundred per cent in 1964.

The funds expended for agricultural imports since collectivization in 1960 should be reckoned as expenditures in lieu of investment in agriculture. These are a far more eloquent witness of failure than production statistics, since they represent continuing outlays in the totally nonproductive sector of stopgap food imports. Considering that a good part of the food imports must be paid for in hard currency or in the barter of products meant for hard-currency markets—as when a thousand Wartburg automobiles were traded for Polish potatoes in 1962—the continuing purchases appear as a policy dictated by chronic desperation. In 1963 Ulbricht announced that food made up twenty-five per cent of East Germany's imports and he warned that this would have to stop. It has not stopped or even decreased since then.

THE CHIEF PRIDE of the East German régime in the consumer field has been in the production of television sets, refrigerators, and washing machines. Slightly more than

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half of all East German households have television sets and almost a third have refrigerators and washing machines. But here, too, both production and plan have begun to level off. The plan for refrigerators, for example, has been scaled downward from an eight per cent increase in 1966 to a four per cent increase in 1967. This is not because demand has been met but rather because the prices are out of reach of the majority of the population. Refrigerators are priced more than six times as high in terms of real income as in West Germany.

It is in terms of general consumption that the relative deterioration of the East German economic position is most clearly seen. On the basis of statistics in the respective yearbooks, a household of four persons in East Germany consumed thirty per cent less than a comparable household in West Germany in 1961; in 1965 the East German family consumed thirty-eight per cent less than its counterpart in West Germany.

No Shortage of Handicaps

The East German economy is in decline not only as compared with West Germany and the West in general but also in relation to the East European Communist states. Its highly publicized claim of ranking second only to the Soviet Union as the most powerful industrial country in the Communist world is now disputed by Poland. Recently, seven comparative evaluations of the East European Communist countries (excluding Yugoslavia) were made from statistics for 1964 supplied by Hungarian, Czech, and Russian economists, by the Statistical Office of the European Community, by COMECON (the inchoate Eastern European Common Market), by the American economist Maurice Ernst, and by Soviet economists. Four of the seven evaluations placed Poland ahead of East Germany in volume of industrial production. It is the consensus, however, that from 1961 through 1964 East Germany's 4.1 per cent rate of increase in industrial production was the lowest in Eastern Europe, with the dismal exception of Czechoslovakia's 1.9 per cent (as compared with 7.3 per cent for Poland, 11.7 for Romania, and 8.2 for Hungary).

The formidable natural disadvantages and politically imposed handicaps under which the East German economy was forced to operate until 1961 are rightly cited as extenuating circumstances, and certainly they caused distortions in the structure of the economy during its establishment and initial period of growth. It is estimated that the Soviet Union took out from $10 billion to $15 billion in reparations through 1956. Moreover, East Germany was the scene of the establishment and practice of the Stalinist command economy par excellence: whole industries were developed from scratch on the insistence of the Soviet conqueror and were operated at a tremendous chronic loss. The most glaring example of this kind of hidden built-in source of continuing reparations in the economy is the vaunted shipbuilding industry, which alone supplies fifteen per cent of the country's exports to the Soviet Union, and which requires imports of precision machinery, mainly steering and radar equipment, from West Germany. Construction is so dominated by Soviet specifications that East Germany is obliged to buy ships for its own use from the West, particularly from Holland.

An unnatural but highly political handicap was the refugee flow that plagued the régime and its Soviet masters for sixteen years. It made for a loss of more than a quarter of the population and skewed the structure of age groups so badly (more than half of all refugees were under twenty-five years of age) that, despite the Wall, the trend to a diminishing population will not be reversed until 1980. The pre-Wall open border in Berlin also forced the régime to try to match the living standard set by West Germany: Ulbricht's wild boast in 1958 that East Germany would catch up with West Germany in per capita consumption must be understood as a desperate piece of propaganda designed to persuade East Germans to stay put. There has also been the artificial but nonetheless overwhelming dependence on the Soviet Union for raw materials—upwards of ninety per cent—and trade—more than fifty per cent.

The collapse of the Stalinist command economy throughout Eastern Europe (except in maverick and industrially primitive Romania) in 1962 was a far more serious and important event than the de-Stalinization announced at the Twentieth Congress by Khrushchev six years before. The significance, psychological as well as material, of the failure of Stalinism in the economic field for the East has been rightly compared with that of the Crash of 1929 for the West. On the face of it, it is astonishing that the East Germans, having attempted to set their house in order in their own radical fashion in 1961 with the Wall, should have courted economic disaster by persisting in Stalinist economic doctrine until—and beyond—the announcement of the New Economic System in 1963.

ONE of the greatest ironies in the East German situation is the fact that the much-heralded younger-generation *apparatchik*, whose accession to positions of power was anticipated as the turning point in the economic fortunes of the experiment, has turned out to be more hidebound by doctrine than his Old Guard predecessors—precisely because he grew up without the bourgeois basis of comparison. Perhaps even more ironic, the one departure from doctrine that the young *apparatchik* has managed to negotiate in the quest for reliable cost accounting, namely the insight that masking production costs must cease if a profit system is to be developed, runs directly counter to the essentially hortatory function of the Communist use of statistics and the quota system in long- and short-term planning. The flaw in the doctrine is traceable to its source: Lenin's dictum that reality for a Marxist is not what is but what should be, and that the first gigantic step toward achievement of the goal is the proclamation and insistence that what should be actually *is*. This was why for years the East German functionaries in the Planning Commission made a hash of planning. More often than not, they would simply include the unfulfilled section of the previous plan in the new one, thus raising the quota of each successive plan only to have the entire structure come crashing down even before the expiration of the seven-year period, as it did in 1963. The accrued un-

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fulfillment was, of course, glaringly obvious.

The main object of the New Economic System in East Germany today is to reduce production costs, including the towering accumulated overhead of inefficiency. To do this, an attempt has been made to streamline the production process in the form of associations made up of vertically integrated enterprises ("from the final product downward") under managers who will enjoy a yet to be defined degree of autonomy in pricing, selling, and production. This is the so-called "managerial revolution" in East Germany. So far, it has reached only about a third of the "people's factories." The chief problem, as always, consists in co-ordinating all planning and management within the grand design of the master plan as a means of centralizing control.

A Failure of Function

It is clear that this is merely the mixture as before—with complications added. The new generation of *apparatchiks* is modern in the sense that it sees the panacea for the system in the computer: "The introduction of modern electronic computation," said Günther Mittag in his 1966 report to the party plenum, "will therefore become an objective precondition for the realization of the New Economic System of planning and management."

And not only in planning and management. The essential economic function of East Germany for the Soviet Union and the Communist bloc at large has been to supply precision machinery and equipment. East Germany was, and should be, the toolshop of the bloc. It performed this function more or less satisfactorily during the 1950's. But now new high-grade precision instruments and machinery are in demand and the regressive technological trend in East Germany is taking its toll. At present East Germany has only 100 computers (as compared with 150 in Poland and some 3,000 in service and another 1,500 on order in West Germany; the United States has approximately 39,000 computers in use). In order to bridge the technological gap and perform its assigned function, East Germany would at least have to quadruple its computer pool within the next few years. Its chances of doing this—at an astronomical capital investment—are agreed to be nil.

The fact that East Germany has not been able to supply the bloc with the new generation of electronic and precision equipment is the underlying cause for the spectacular success of West Germany in establishing trade missions in Eastern European countries and, most recently, full diplomatic relations with Romania. In short, West Germany's political success is the inevitable complement of East Germany's economic failure. The East German failure left a vacuum that West Germany was ready and able to fill.

The steadily increasing dilemma of the East German economy manifests itself chiefly in the ever-growing need for credits for capital investment. East Germany has failed to make any sort of breakthrough in hard-currency western markets; when in a self-critical rather than boastful mood, the East Germans themselves have estimated that only twelve per cent of their production is of sufficiently high quality to be competitive by international standards. East Germany is bombarded with complaints from all sides—even from countries that it supplies on credit, such as the United Arab Republic and Cuba—for delivering inoperative machinery and then only after long delays. Most segments of the economy are operating a full three years behind the schedule projected in a seven-year plan that started in 1959 and collapsed in 1963. The planners have not offered a long-term plan since then.

Virtually the only source of substantial long-term credits is the Interzonal Trade Agreements, an arrangement established in 1950 on the initiative of the West Germans in which the two parts of Germany are designated as "Currency Area D-Mark East" and "Currency Area D-Mark West" (which, to the chagrin of the East German Communists, of course includes West Berlin). In 1960 Bonn added an "access clause" which provided that the agreement would remain valid only so long as passenger traffic between West Germany and West Berlin remained undisturbed. For the West Germans, the object of the exercise was to render East Germany dependent on West German trade; for the East Germans, it was to render their own economy proof against any sudden cessation of that trade.

Should East Germany threaten to block the access routes in order to pressure West Germany into increasing the volume and relaxing the terms of interzonal trade, it thus would ultimately play into the hands of West Germany.

But West Germany also uses interzonal trade as an instrument to bolster its claim to be the exclusive representative of all Germans and all Germany. In the Common Market's founding Treaty of Rome, there is a protocol affirming the signatories' recognition of Germany as a political, national, and economic unit. By this means and through the mechanism of interzonal trade, the customs union of the Common Market has been extended to include East Germany. This provision has worked as a strong inducement to the East Germans to continue to accept the terms of interzonal trade, since otherwise they would be confronted with the formidable external-tariff wall of the Common Market.

In the early 1960's interzonal trade

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averaged two billion "clearing units" a year. It made up less than two per cent of West Germany's exports, but it was ten per cent of East Germany's exports and, more importantly, more than fifty per cent of East Germany's exports to hard-currency areas. Last year the volume of interzonal trade jumped twenty per cent over 1965 to about three billion "clearing units," and East Germany overdrew its credit account by a hundred million clearing units—or double the amount of its swing credit.

Reality in Process

This sharp rise in the level of interzonal trade and its importance to East Germany is in marked contrast to the stagnation of East German-Soviet trade. Indeed, there are signs that the Soviet Union is now subsidizing the East German economy: the 1967 trade protocol calls for Soviet exports to exceed imports from East Germany by 500 million marks. This concession comes at a time when the Soviets are urgently requesting credits from their other East European trade partners to be used for developing Soviet raw-materials production. They argue that they must supply the raw materials, which require tremendous capital investment and are in a current world price decline, while most of the Eastern European countries, by specializing in refining and finishing industries, reap the benefits of rising world prices. The result of this general credit squeeze has been a turn to the West for credits and marketing possibilities. This development favors West Germany, whose traditional markets are in Eastern Europe and whose share of East German trade in particular will almost certainly continue to increase.

The gathering economic plight of East Germany and the Communist bloc as a whole accounts for the Ulbricht régime's obsessive, almost comic-opera insistence on recognition: "The GDR Is a Reality!" It is indeed. But recognition presupposes identity. What is the German Democratic Republic? It is an industrial annex of the Soviet Union now in process of becoming a joint economic dependency of the Soviet Union and West Germany.

The Business of Romania Is Politics

CLAIRE STERLING

BUCHAREST

AMERICAN Sovietologists generally agree by now that the Eastern European bloc of socialist republics has become a looser alliance as its members pursue self-interested national objectives. Whether to accelerate or merely recognize this historic process, President Johnson is proposing to build bridges of friendship to the East.

One thing the United States would probably not gain by building a bridge to Bucharest is the kind of humanized and liberalized Communist régime which we might like to encourage. Romanian party leaders may be well ahead of their Eastern European colleagues in challenging Moscow's supremacy, but in domestic policies they are bringing up the dreary rear. There is no inclination in this country to abandon "democratic centralism," no talk of a New Economic Model, no sign of the creeping capitalism discernible in varying degrees in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, East Germany, Poland, and the Soviet Union. There are not many signs, either, of political and cultural relaxation. Whatever we might contribute to Romania in industrial plant, materials, credits, and technical knowledge could only reinforce a régime committed to the proposition that the old-time Communism is best. Yet we could still get good returns on our investment.

Since early in this decade, the Romanian Communists have been systematically undermining Soviet authority with extraordinary success and evident pleasure. Bucharest is still basking in the afterglow of their latest exploit: the establishment of diplomatic relations with West Germany last January, against the Kremlin's wishes and over the protests of East German Chairman Walter Ulbricht. In this instance, they have won more room for maneuver at Soviet expense, to the West's benefit as well as their own. If this breakthrough may mean the end of the West German Hallstein Doctrine (of denying recognition to countries that have diplomatic relations with East Germany), which is detested by Communists everywhere, it has given the West Germans their first chance to flush Ulbricht from cover by splitting the solid Eastern European front that had sheltered him for twenty years. His hysterical reaction to Romania's move suggests how bitterly he resents it.

It would be naïve to suppose that Romania's Communist leaders actively desired to give the West this advantage. They were simply furthering their own nationalist cause: Bonn can help them break free from Moscow's economic hold and can offer them superior industrial equipment. Accordingly, West Germany has already overtaken Czechoslovakia and East Germany and ranks second only to the Soviet Union as Romania's leading commercial partner, with the volume of

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trade approaching $200 million a year. "Ideology is ideology," a Romanian Foreign Ministry spokesman told me, "but business is business."

Whose Pigs to Fatten?

He might have added that this particular business is also good politics. Nothing could have done more to win popularity for an unpopular régime than its decision to wrest control of the nation's destiny from the Russians. The decision appears to have been made privately soon after the Red Army withdrew from Romania in 1958. But the outside world knew little of it until the Romanians opened battle in 1963 to block a plan designed to consolidate the Soviet empire for decades.

Khrushchev at that time was pressing for full economic integration within COMECON, the Eastern European counterpart of Western Europe's Common Market, with each member state assigned to specialized tasks in the interests of greater efficiency. While COMECON could certainly have stood improvement in efficiency, the proposal would have made its members utterly and irrevocably reliant on the Soviet Union and each other. Furthermore, predominantly agricultural Romania would have been consigned to the colonial role of supplying food and raw materials to its more industrialized socialist neighbors. "Why," demanded Romanian Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer, "should we send corn to Poland so that Poland can fatten its pigs to buy machinery from the West, when we can sell our corn to the West and buy the machinery we need ourselves?"

Evidently the Romanians were tiring of their colonial status. Potentially, theirs is the richest country in Eastern Europe, with an abundance of oil, timber, and minerals, and an agriculture that even the Communists have found hard to ruin. In the first days after the war, however, the Soviet occupation army had seized $2 billion worth of Romania's property, including its entire navy and most of its merchant marine, the better part of its oil equipment, half of its rolling stock, and all of its motor vehicles. Another $1 billion went to pay for the maintenance of the Red Army until its withdrawal. Meanwhile, the Russians had bullied the puppet government into forming joint-stock companies called SOVROMS, controlling all major branches of industry. While putting no capital into these enterprises, they took most of the goods produced, appropriated Romania's portion of the profits as war reparations, and, when the SOVROMS were liquidated after Stalin died, sold their shares back to Romania for $700 million. After making enormous sacrifices to build their first heavy industries, the Romanians were being told in 1963 to renounce all hopes of rising above their humble peasant station. They refused, and in refusing they sealed the fate of the patented Soviet economic system, the "command economy," which could operate only on the basis of a strict international apportionment of economic roles.

Roses and Thorns

Now Khrushchev's plan is dead, COMECON is languishing, and Romania is booming. Industry has grown by an average of 14.4 per cent a year since 1959. The gross industrial output has more than doubled in the same period. Highly processed industrial goods now account for 53.3 per cent of the country's exports, twice the figure in the 1950's, and a third of that is heavy machinery and equipment. Steel production, reaching nearly four million tons in 1966, is quickly approaching the East German level and will easily surpass it when all branches of the half-billion-dollar Galati combine now under construction are functioning. Nearly every other important industry has surpassed substantial growth targets for the first year of the 1966-1970 plan. As the erstwhile ordained suppliers of corn for Poland's pigs, Romanian planners would seem to have reason to be satisfied.

Actually, they do not. The party's secretary-general, Nicolae Ceausescu, admitted publicly at a Central Committee meeting last December that 1,370 types of products are being manufactured at a loss. "Planned losses," as he called them, amounted to $700 million in 1966. Per capita productivity is three times lower than the average in advanced countries and the production value of processed metals five times lower. Of 219 large industrial enterprises, ninety-six failed to work at full capacity last year, causing a loss to the state of $300 million. Among them was the Danubian Tire Factory, equipped with the latest and costliest British machinery.

One might foresee the day when these familiar deficiencies of an orthodox Communist economy could bring the boom to a screeching halt. But nobody seems to be thinking that far ahead. Real wages have gone up by a third since 1960, shops are reasonably well stocked with utilitarian if not elegant merchandise, most people are eating and dressing better, and the rising professional class is beginning to do quite well. A young couple with whom I had dinner in Bucharest—the husband an engineer, the wife an interpreter—were able this year to buy a television set (for $800 at foreign-trade exchange rates) and a Fiat 600D (for $8,000, as against the U.S. price of less than $1,300). Clearly, the party's gamble in defying Khrushchev is paying off.

By NOW the Soviet Union has accepted the situation more or less gracefully, and the two countries are outwardly on the friendliest of terms. Nevertheless, the Romanians continue to press stubbornly toward fuller sovereignty. They have refused to participate in the Soviet-sponsored joint-ownership ventures within COMECON, have dropped to the bottom of the COMECON list as Russia's trading partner, and have combed the world for alternative sources of supply of such raw materials as iron ore, for which they still rely heavily on the Russians. In 1958, 51.5 per cent of their trade was with the Soviet Union and twenty-five per cent with non-Communist countries. Today the respective figures are thirty-nine and thirty-five per cent. The shift will doubtless be more dramatic by 1970, when the current Five-Year Plan is completed. The plan projects a fifty-five per cent increase in trade but only a thirty per cent rise in trade with the Soviet Union. Since it also projects an expenditure of $1 billion for western industrial equipment—twice the amount for the last Five-Year Plan—the difference is

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bound to be in the West's favor.

Financially, that may prove less of a blessing than it seems. Despite some egregious dumping—a pair of Romanian-made shoes retailing at $43 in Bucharest sells for $3.50 in Sweden—the Romanians are not earning nearly enough hard currency to pay their bills. They are buying more and more sophisticated machinery in the hope of producing enough exportable goods to defray their costs. Yet these new ultramodern plants will lack skilled manpower and evidently will continue to be run in the same old Romanian Communist way. The party's current slogan, "Efficiency and Profitability," is unlikely to mean much so long as Ceausescu persists in his disregard for cost accounting and refuses to part with a cumbersome centralized bureaucracy controlling production in the minutest detail. Under the circumstances, those planned losses he talks about (and that Danubian Tire Factory) might make any western creditor nervous.

Still, liberal credits have been coming in from British, Italian, French, Belgian, Swedish, and West German industrialists. The Germans have already advanced Romania credits worth several hundred million dollars. The risks to western businessmen are negligible because most of the credits are underwritten by their respective governments, presumably on the theory that a fast-growing market of twenty million people is worth taking chances on. Only the Americans are holding back. Our sole sizable investment here is a $22-million catalytic oil-cracking unit being built by Universal Oil. Another and much bigger deal, for a $60-million synthetic-rubber complex to be built by Firestone, fell through after a storm of anti-Communist protest and competitors' complaints to Congress broke over Firestone's head. The State Department obviously regrets this episode. For Washington, every step that strengthens Romania's autonomy weakens Moscow's hold over the whole of Eastern Europe.

Life Without Father

Scarcely a year after the Romanians had bested Khrushchev in COMECON, the fuller implications of their drive for autonomy became clear. In April, 1964, their central committee asserted that national independence and sovereignty, equal rights, mutual advantage, noninterference in internal affairs, and observance of territorial integrity were among the "immutable laws" of world socialism. Joint decisions on common problems could be reached only through consultations and "not by the stipulation of no-alternative solutions by some sort of superstate authority." There could be no "parent" or "son" party, no "superior" or "subordinate" party. Each had the exclusive right "independently to work out its political line, its concrete objectives, and the ways and means of achieving them." No Communist Party then or since has made such a clear-cut declaration of independence while continuing formally to support the Soviet Union.

True to its word, the party went on from there to de-Russify Romania, excising slanted pro-Soviet material from national history books, eliminating compulsory Russian-language courses in secondary schools, closing down the prestigious Maxim Gorky Russian Language Institute and the Russian bookstore in Bucharest, imposing censorship on Moscow's international Communist publication *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, and even changing street names.

Talking Back

Romanian Communists have since risen at conferences of the World Federation of Trade Unions, the International Union of Students, and the International Democratic Women's Organization to protest Soviet control of these front organizations. They have broken ranks with the other socialist states in the U.N. on at least three important occasions. And they have been an endless source of frustration for the Kremlin on the issue of Communist China. As the warmest advocates of what is now called peaceful engagement between East and West, party leaders here could not have much sympathy for Mao Tse-tung's version of Communist autonomy. But the Sino-Soviet conflict has given them an unparalleled opportunity to extract concessions from a harried Kremlin. Since the last thing they want is an end to the conflict, they have not only taken a position of studied neutrality themselves but have effectively prevented concerted action by the world's other eighty-nine Communist Parties to help Moscow in its effort to bring Mao to his knees. The Russians have at last given up all hope of convening a world Communist conference to excommunicate China—after almost three years of trying—and they have the Romanians to blame.

In meetings of the Warsaw Pact, NATO's East European counterpart, the Romanians also have repeatedly provoked the Soviet Union to the point of exasperation. In 1964, for instance, they reduced the term of military service here from twenty-four to sixteen months, without Moscow's previous knowledge or consent. It was the first but not the last serious breach in discipline since the pact was signed eleven years ago. Last spring, the Romanians caused a greater uproar when pact members met to consider Brezhnev's proposal for a "permanent and prompt mechanism" to co-ordinate foreign policy. The Romanians did not merely oppose the idea. They submitted counterproposals severely curtailing Soviet control of the pact's military institutions, publicly questioned the continuing need for the pact itself, and made it plain that their policies were not going to be co-ordinated by anybody.

It is doubtful that Romanian Communists would risk pushing the Soviet leaders too far by pulling out of the pact. Nevertheless, they are the most passive of members, refusing even to participate in military maneuvers, and seem bent on dragging their feet whenever and wherever possible. "The existence of military blocs and bases, as well as the sending of troops to other countries," Ceausescu told the party faithful last May, after citing a lengthy list of Soviet sins against Romania, "is an anachronism incompatible with the independence and national sovereignty of peoples." There may be an echo of the usual Communist duplicity in this implied suggestion that NATO and the Warsaw Pact should dissolve themselves, obliging the Americans to retire across the Atlantic and the Russians only behind their own

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European borders. Ordinarily, however, suggestions of this sort are not coupled with diatribes against the Soviet Union.

A Plus for Us

Ceausescu apparently is after a kind of socialist diplomacy which, while certainly not equidistant between the United States and the Soviet Union, would give small nations more leverage on both sides. "It has been a disagreeable experience for us to stand at the periphery of events while the two superpowers did our thinking for us," a Communist official here told me. "We don't expect the Americans to get out of Europe; they have too big a stake in it. Neither do we expect the Russians to go away and leave us alone. We just want both to understand that we cannot be pushed around any more."

Which of the two sides stands to profit more from this diplomacy will depend on how it evolves. The Romanians have already deprived the United States of some initiative by forming a good-neighborly Club of Nine under U.N. auspices, in which Belgium, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Romania are co-operating in social, cultural, and economic fields. On the other hand, they have reduced the Russians' initiative in COMECON and the Warsaw Pact and have deviated in other directions. Cuba is one instance: their exports to Castro have dropped from $20 million in 1963 to under $6 million, and all Cuban students were called home from Bucharest last year after authorities here refused to let them hold anti-American demonstrations. More significant, Romanian trade with North Vietnam declined from $10.8 million in 1963 to $3.6 million just a year later, and no USIS library windows have been broken over Vietnam in this capital. Ritual attacks on our Vietnamese policy continue to appear in the local newspapers. But their tone is less shrill than that of most of the world Communist press, reflecting not so much an implacable hatred of American imperialism as a longing to have the war over with and get on with the *détente in Europe*.

On balance, then, Romanian diplomacy appears to be helping more than hurting us so far. President Johnson has reciprocated by licensing many previously restricted items for export to Romania and authorizing Export-Import Bank credits for their purchase. When and if Congress concurs, he will extend our most-favored-nation trading clause as well. Whether or not private American businessmen will co-operate wholeheartedly remains to be seen. They might perhaps find it easier than Western Europeans do to resist the temptations of the Romanian market, and harder to overlook the country's unattractive political features.

For these features are undeniably still unattractive. True, the worst aspects of Stalinism are gone. Practically all the eleven thousand political prisoners detained in that era have been freed, and frightened citizens are no longer roused from their beds after midnight by the secret police. But they are still under strict police surveillance, wholly at the party's mercy for jobs, promotion, housing, and holidays, unable to travel abroad except for higher technical education, denied access to western newspapers, reluctant to receive western visitors without the Foreign Ministry's permission. Writers and painters, though at liberty to stray beyond the bounds of socialist realism, are perpetually called to task by the party press for "superficiality," "experimentism," and "slavish imitation of western artists." Couples living in a single room with communal kitchen and bath do not even have the once sacrosanct socialist privilege of planned parenthood: alarmed by a birth rate of less than one per cent—among the world's lowest—the party has recently ordered them to have more babies and have driven their point home by outlawing birth control and abortion.

Under these conditions it is highly doubtful that the Romanian Communist Party has, in the words of its secretary-general, "gained the boundless love and confidence of the people." Yet it does seem to have overcome the sullen hostility that once made the Red Army's presence indispensable to its continuing power. The slowly improving living standards, a cautious retreat from Stalinism, and an intense nationalist revival have all helped to change the popular mood. The régime, though unloved, has come to be accepted.

A Need for Flexibility

Some predict that it will get around to something better eventually. After two years in power, Ceausescu has established himself as an exceptionally talented politician with a sure hold on his party. He possibly has a more flexible turn of mind than his predecessor, the late Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, who belonged to a prewar generation of "home" Communists bent on restoring Romania's national identity and fiercely at odds with the Stalin-trained "Muscovites" led by the late Ana Pauker. Ceausescu is a forty-nine-year-old *apparatchik* who has risen in the party's ranks since the war. He was formed intellectually by Gheorghiu-Dej, but with time and under the benign influence of peaceful engagement, he may see the necessity for a domestic policy more suited to the needs of the advanced industrial state he is trying to create.

But for all anyone knows, an American bridge to Bucharest might simply help him to prove that his kind of textbook Communism can be made to work. Is the State Department prepared to put up with that, in exchange for a demonstrably useful Romanian foreign policy? The answer probably is "Yes." Will our Western European allies do the same, with or without the State Department? Yes, again.

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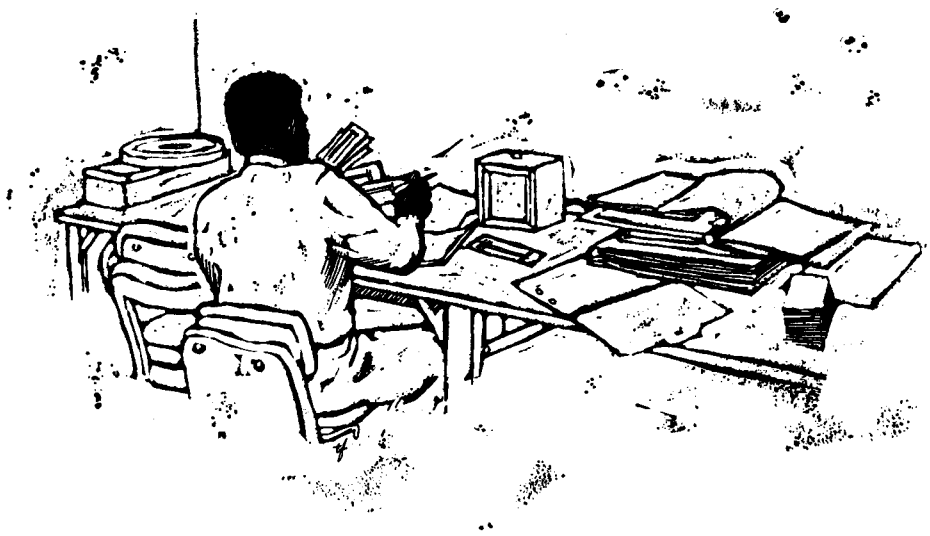

The FIGHT Against Kodak

BARBARA CARTER

IN HIS 1946 HANDBOOK, *Reveille for Radicals,* Saul Alinsky, the Chicago-based professional community organizer, called for a sweeping social revolution in which thousands of local organizations across the country would band together to shake up and reshape the established order of community life. The revolution should be manned and led by people who think "as people, as Americans, and not as businessmen, workers, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, whites or colored."

In Rochester, however, where an Alinsky-organized group called FIGHT is conducting a campaign against the Eastman Kodak Company, things have not been working out that way. Black power rather than interracial co-operation has become the rallying cry. "We aim to incite," the Reverend Franklin D. R. Florence, president of FIGHT, told me. The organization is a conglomerate of 110 groups, ranging from settlement houses and churches to pool halls and Black Panther Clubs. It is led, according to Florence, by "dissident young blacks ready for a change." Few whites have been accepted as members, though an all-white group called Friends of FIGHT has been formed to give it support. The name is an acronymic afterthought; FIGHT is the point, but the letters are understood to stand for Freedom, Integration, God, Honor—Today. Lately, the "I" has been largely overlooked.

In January, Florence invited Stokely Carmichael, head of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee who originated the "black power" slogan, to address a FIGHT rally in Rochester. "We have been looking for a fight against a big company," Carmichael said, "and you've got everything we want." Eastman Kodak would not only be brought to its knees, Carmichael predicted, but "When we're through, Florence will say 'Jump,' and Kodak will ask 'How high?' "

If, as Florence and many other Negro leaders are saying, the civil-rights movement as we knew it in the early 1960's is dead, the question arises whether new alliances and new forms of action will take its place. This possibility and its implications make Rochester worth looking into.

IN ITS nearly two years of existence, FIGHT has attacked Rochester's anti-poverty program, its urban-renewal plans, and, less wholeheartedly, racial imbalance in the schools. It has won enough concessions—three seats on the poverty board and a few modifications of the urban-renewal plans—for Rochester to be accused by a local columnist of "killing FIGHT with kindness." Now it is focusing on jobs and is demanding that Eastman Kodak, Rochester's largest and most influential employer, train and hire six hundred hard-core unemployed Negroes over a two-year period. The trainees would be referred by FIGHT. Kodak has refused to meet these terms, and the resulting controversy has splintered conservative Rochester.

The alignment of forces is not a simple polarization of Negroes against whites. There also are whites against whites, Negroes against Negroes, and Negroes against Jews. It has caused dissension among the ranks of the Protestant Rochester Area Council of Churches, whose semi-autonomous Board of Urban Ministry collected Alinsky's two-year $100,000 fee and hired him to organize the Negroes as a "safety valve" after a major riot in the summer of 1964. And it has created serious problems for Friends of FIGHT.

Representatives of the National Council of Churches, the United Presbyterian Church, and the United Church of Christ have come out in support of FIGHT. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, newly arrived in Rochester from New York ("I've just come from a cosmos to a cameo"), has taken a stand by appointing one of the few white members of FIGHT as his "Episcopal Vicar for the Urban Ministry." Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP, has asked the Office of Federal Contract Compliance to cancel Kodak's contracts. Walter Reuther's Citizens Crusade Against Poverty has promised to investigate. And Stokely Carmichael, when he addressed the FIGHT rally this January, promised to help organize a national boycott of Kodak products.

The Kodak issue clearly has national significance. Franklin Florence believes that industry provides the only means by which poverty can be eliminated from the slums. Everything else he classes as "Mickey Mouse" programs. Kodak, a paternalistic non-union company, has generally good employee relations, and even Florence has admitted that it "wants to do right." But he feels that a settlement with Kodak would create a "guideline for the

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cleaner air: a statement by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

Possible to have clean air while enjoying flexibility and economy of gasoline-powered automobile.

The following is from the recent testimony of Harold W. Fisher, director and vice president, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), before the Special Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution of the Committee on Public Works, United States Senate. It describes the complexity of the automotive pollution problem and the progress being made toward a realistic solution. The full text of the testimony is available on request to Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020.

MY COMPANY shares your concern that the public welfare is threatened by air pollution. We are convinced that air pollution is an important problem and that it must not be permitted to persist.

We are trying, as are you gentlemen and many others, to determine the proper things to do to solve this problem. We are trying to separate the known from the unknown among the many causes of air pollution. We are also trying to determine an order of priorities among the possible ideas for solving the problem, to assure that the actions we take lead to real progress.

Since your specific concern in this hearing is the pollution resulting from automotive emissions, I would like to focus my remarks on this problem. My company is committed to do all we can to combat pollution caused by automobiles. As an important supplier of fuel for motor vehicles, we are concerned with the part which motor gasoline plays in air pollution. Our scientists and engineers are pursuing every clue to find the answers. It may be that changes in fuel composition will be found to be necessary. New additives may be found which will be helpful. It may be necessary to reduce or eliminate some of the presently used additives if they are found to be detrimental.

Of course, one cannot consider fuel in isolation. One must also take into account the engine in which it is used. Therefore, although we do not make engines, we do engage in research to determine what changes or additions in engines may help to reduce emissions. The automotive industry is doing its own research, and to the extent we can facilitate such research with our skills and resources we will do so, as indeed we have already done.

Clean air possible with gasoline automobiles

Real progress has been made—sufficient progress to convince us that it will be possible for the public to have clean air and also to continue to enjoy the flexible and economical transportation provided by the present type automobile.

While we believe it will be technically possible to develop alternate—and perhaps entirely nonpolluting—propulsion systems, it seems highly unlikely that they can achieve the level of convenience, flexibility and economy of the gasoline engine without making major research advances and without repeating many years of the development that have gone into our current system.

If we were willing to disregard cost and make significant sacrifices in the performance and efficiency of the present automobile, it is probably technically feasible now—or could be very soon—to reduce the harmful emissions from the gasoline engine to very low levels.

But the solution to the pollution problem should be acceptable in terms of both performance and cost—whether it is a nonpolluting gasoline engine automobile or any alternative system. The American public should not—and, in our opinion, need not—be forced to accept any substantial downgrading of the automobile.

Those of us who are working on the problem are eager that technically feasible solutions be made economically feasible before the public is asked to accept them. We believe that continued improvement of the internal combustion engine is a far more practical, more quickly realizable, and more economical way to abate automotive pollution than the development of entirely new propulsion systems.

Current Jersey programs

Toward this goal, we in Jersey have in progress a number of programs which I would like to review briefly.

In our work on fuels to reduce emissions, we are conducting comprehensive studies in laboratory smog chambers to determine ways in which fuel composition contributes to the smog-forming potential of hydrocarbons emitted from vehicles. So far, we have found that the combustion process itself has a greater determining effect on the exhaust composition than any fuel changes we have been able to make.

For a long time we have also been searching for fuel or engine modifications that would increase the completeness of the combustion process—that would reduce the amount of hydrocarbon that remains unburned. Recently we have turned up an encouraging new lead in this area and we are pursuing it vigorously. I should caution you, however, that we have experienced many disappointments in the past in this very difficult field.

Small amounts of deposits which form in the combustion chamber can have a substantial effect

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in increasing the amount of unburned hydrocarbons—because the deposits quench the flame before all the fuel has burned. We are searching for ways by which changes in fuel composition might reduce or modify the effect of these deposits. To date, however, under practical test conditions, we have not found that such changes had any significant effect on emissions, but we are continuing our studies.

New gasoline additive

We have been looking for ways to optimize the performance of present emission-control systems. In this work, we have developed a gasoline additive which helps to assure continued freedom from deposits and consequently improved performance of the positive crankcase ventilation valves, which are now used in all new cars to control crankcase emissions. This additive is already in use in some of our company's motor gasolines and we are making it available to other gasoline producers.

Additive for diesel fuels

Speaking of additives, we are also developing one for diesel fuels which we hope is close to commercial reality. This additive, which can reduce diesel smoke by as much as 40 per cent, is being evaluated in limited commercial field trials. I would like to emphasize that smoke and odor from diesel powered vehicles can be held to low levels by a combination of good maintenance practices, operation in accordance with engine manufacturers' recommendations, and the use of good quality diesel fuels. These will still be the mainstays of effective control. The chief value of the additive is that it provides the operator with added flexibility in meeting smoke standards.

Evaporative loss control device

Returning to the gasoline engine, we recognize that engine and engine accessory modifications have so far appeared to offer the greatest promise for major emission reductions, and that the fuel effects we have been discussing may only be able to assist in making these possible. In this connection, we have developed an evaporative loss control device. With this device it is feasible to eliminate essentially all of the hydrocarbon evaporation losses from automobile carburetors and gasoline tanks. These evaporation losses are a significant source of atmospheric hydrocarbons.

Traps 95% of evaporating hydrocarbons

The heart of this device is a small charcoal canister which traps about 95 per cent of the evaporating hydrocarbons which are otherwise lost to the atmosphere and holds them until they can be returned to the engine at a time when they can be usefully burned without affecting the normal engine performance or increasing harmful exhaust emissions.

We have equipped a number of cars with this system and have loaned one to each of the major auto companies for their study and comparison with alternate approaches which they have under consideration. Details of this system were recently made available publicly in a presentation to the Society of Automotive Engineers.

New catalyst approach

We also have studied engine and equipment modification systems which we believe are ultimately capable of reducing exhaust emissions to very low levels. One of these is a new catalyst approach which has simultaneously reduced hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen oxides in the exhaust of gasoline engines. These laboratory studies have also identified the problems which will have to be overcome in achieving a practical system of this particular type.

Recirculation of exhaust

Another possible method of controlling nitrogen oxides is to recirculate a portion of the exhaust gas back into the engine. This reduces the peak combustion temperature and can reduce the nitrogen oxides materially. It is not clear, however, whether this approach would be compatible with the current systems for hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emission control. We are investigating this question under contract for the Public Health Service.

While the systems we have under study do not necessarily represent an optimum low-cost solution, we believe that a low-emission car, based on one or more of these possible approaches, can and will be demonstrated soon—and might be put into use within the next five to ten years.

Jersey's goal: Reduce pollution to 1940 levels

In our own program, we at Jersey have set a goal of developing technology which will permit reducing automotive air pollution to levels prevailing in Los Angeles County in 1940—even with the car population estimated for the year 2000.

To show where we stand on the problem in these terms, I would like to refer to a chart (see opposite page). It traces the effects of current and projected programs for the reduction of automotive hydrocarbon emissions in Los Angeles County. These are based on known and probable future developments in control. We have taken Los Angeles as the critical example. The same degree of control will give even better results in the rest of the nation where meteorological problems are less severe and where car numbers are growing less rapidly.

The emission levels in this chart are based on State of California vehicle estimates to 1980, extended by us to the year 2000. We have assumed that it would require ten years after the adoption of any control system on new cars for its effects to spread throughout the car population.

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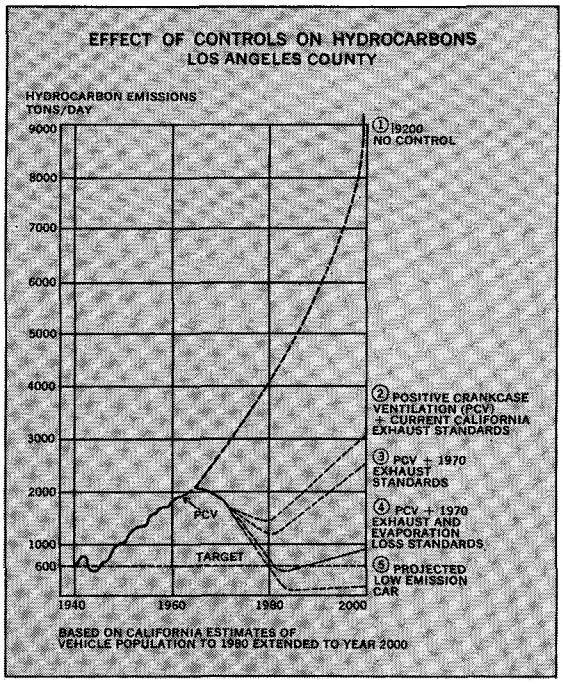

The curve going back to 1940 shows what has happened to total automotive hydrocarbon emissions in Los Angeles County in tons per day. The top curve (Curve 1) indicates what would be expected to happen if nothing had been done to reduce emissions. Departure from Curve 1 occurred after the introduction of positive crankcase ventilation devices in California in 1961. Curve 2 shows the projected effect of introducing current California exhaust emission standards and continued adherence to these standards. Curve 3 shows the effect of imposing 1970 California exhaust emission standards. You can see that the rapidly increasing Los Angeles vehicle population will cause the hydrocarbon emissions to start rising again sometime before 1980, unless additional controls are employed. Curve 4 shows the substantial added effect of employing effective evaporation loss control devices.

We believe that the technology is now largely in hand to assure that this Curve 4 target can be met. This will mean a reduction of 90 per cent of the hydrocarbons originally emitted by an individual car.

Other pollutants

Hydrocarbons are not the only emissions from the automobile. They have so far been given the most attention, however, and the technology for their abatement is perhaps the most advanced. Similar charts to this one could be drawn for carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxides. They would show much the same type of curves, but with somewhat lower rates of reduction.

The well-known effects of carbon monoxide in tying up blood hemoglobin have given rise to concern about its effects on the health of people exposed to the carbon monoxide concentrations in congested areas. The projected 1970 standards would result in a 70 per cent reduction from each car.

There is no control as yet for nitrogen oxides, and the need for nitrogen oxide reduction is not clearly defined. The knowledge in this area is not as advanced as that for hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide. However, we believe that reduction of nitrogen oxide emissions will be technically feasible, if it is required.

Solution in sight

From what we know, we expect projected 1970 standards to be sufficient to eliminate any serious air pollution problem from automobiles for most of the United States for the foreseeable future. However, it can be seen from Curve 4 that the rapid vehicle population growth in Los Angeles County will eventually offset even these gains.

As I indicated earlier, our analysis of the current technology indicates that there are already several approaches which, in our judgment, can be demonstrated to be feasible for achieving lower levels of all three emissions than the 1970 projected standards. Curve 5 illustrates this for hydrocarbons. Considerable further development of this technology will be needed, but, as we indicate here, we estimate that it could be made available within the next ten years. This may not represent the lowest cost or ultimate solution, but optimum systems are likely to be available before the 1980s.

Government help necessary

The rate of progress and the ultimate cost of automotive pollution abatement depend upon the extent of cooperation that can be achieved among all those involved. I believe we need a clear definition of the targets and timing. In this regard, we clearly need the help of the government in carefully defining the health and welfare problems arising from vehicle emissions on which reasonable, equitable and effective standards can be based. I believe that we have the capability to meet whatever eventual targets are set, but we must be concerned that they are not needlessly restrictive.

I hope my remarks indicate to you our recognition of the responsibility that industry has to satisfy the demands of the public for cleaner air. We believe that this is generally true of industry. We believe progress has been made. More progress is needed. We plan to continue to expand and intensify *our* effort in order to assist in accelerating this progress. We are confident that the substantial research and development efforts now under way, in the automotive industry, in the petroleum industry, and elsewhere, will result in both a technically and economically satisfactory solution to the gasoline engine emissions problem.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

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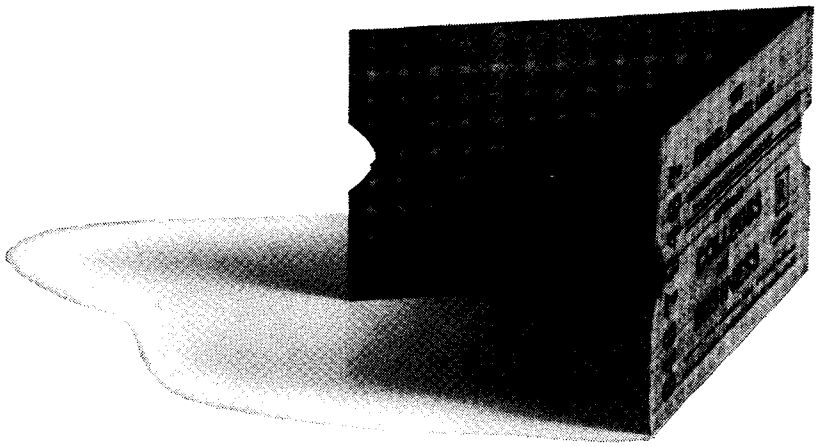

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nation and the world," and he intends to keep the issue as national as he can.

Dangerous Doldrums

FIGHT approached Kodak last September with the proposal on training unemployed Negroes. At first glance, it would seem that unemployment is the least of Rochester's problems. More than ten thousand jobs are vacant, and the unemployment rate, under two per cent, is one of the lowest in the country. The labor shortage has already forced companies in this expanding optical and photographic center to lower entry standards, to start recruiting efforts in New York City and Washington, D.C. (as Kodak did last fall), to recruit at college campuses and neighboring high schools, to sponsor Manpower Development and Training Act programs in their plants, and to develop their own programs. Kodak alone took on four thousand new employees last year (bringing its total employment up to forty thousand), an indication of how intense the competition for labor is. A few companies have even begun experimenting with pre-apprentice training for the hard-core unemployed, the only available source of labor at hand. Last year, Xerox, in co-operation with FIGHT and other agencies, set up a program for sixteen unskilled jobless or underemployed and is now recruiting thirty more; Kodak was cautiously working with thirty.

For the Negro, it would seem that things had never looked better. Employment of whites in the county had increased by eleven per cent since 1960, but employment of nonwhites had gone up forty-three per cent—more than four times the national average. Stunning as the increase was, however, it was wiped out by a forty-six per cent increase in the nonwhite population of working age during the same period.

Many of the new arrivals are unskilled laborers from the South. Nearly a third of the families have incomes below $3,000. At least fifteen per cent of the area's Negro labor force is out of work, although they do not form the majority of the city's four to five thousand jobless. Yet Rochester's anti-poverty program is "in the doldrums," according to one planner who helped set it up, and Federal cutbacks are expected. Thus for all the expansion of employment, the Negro population as a whole is no better off economically than before the 1964 riot. On balance, the average Negro's condition may even be worse. The city has no more than 450 units of public housing at present, although 1,400 units are in the planning stage, and its school segregation "is more severe than ever," according to a school-board member. Only one thing has changed since the riot: the Negro community has acquired leadership in FIGHT and Florence.

WHEN Kodak brushed FIGHT's proposal aside during the September negotiations (a word the company dislikes), it argued that it could not grant an "exclusive" recruitment position to any one organization, or establish a statistical "quota" for any training program over a period of time. Instead, Kodak offered to discuss expansion of its pre-apprenticeship training program and suggested that "FIGHT might co-operate in the implementation of Kodak's plans." FIGHT protested, but Kodak went ahead. In October, it unveiled an arrangement with a national in-plant training outfit, the Board for Fundamental Education, for "assistance in the basic education of certain job applicants and employees." It also

announced that "in the near future about one hundred persons will be enrolled in the BFE-Kodak classes." But, as a forty-five-member delegation led by FIGHT to Kodak Park quickly found out, all the trainees had already been selected. Sixty had recently been hired by Kodak and forty were regular employees.

"It's a fraud. It's a trick," Florence immediately declared, and he went on the radio to say: "We can't understand, for our lives, how . . . a company with their creative ability can . . . take pictures of the hidden side of the moon . . . but can't create Instamatic jobs." Accompanying him on the air was Saul Alinsky. "I can tell you this," Alinsky said. "Eastman Kodak has plenty to be concerned about, because this kind of an issue . . . if it ever develops . . . and it may well develop . . . will become a nationwide issue across the board to every Negro ghetto in America."

Kodak's lack of experience with unions undoubtedly accounts for some of the ineptitude in its dealings with FIGHT's aggressive union-like organization. But the misunderstandings multiplied beyond anything that could have been expected. On December 20, an assistant vice-president, heading a new Kodak negotiating team, surprised the city by signing an agreement with FIGHT on the "objective of the recruitment and referral (to include screening and selection) of six hundred unemployed people over a twenty-four-month period, barring unforeseen economic changes. . . ." FIGHT barely had a chance to celebrate its victory before Kodak, two days later, repudiated the agreement, declaring it "unauthorized."

It was a strange agreement at best. One of the six paragraphs mentioned the "referral of six hundred unemployed people," another the "referral of six hundred employees," a distinction of some importance. For a non-union company, the briefest paragraph was by far the oddest. It said simply, "Job openings, specifications, and hourly rates were discussed and agreed upon by the joint group." Moreover, semi-monthly meetings on the program's "effectiveness" were also agreed on. Kodak's about-face in signing astonished Franklin Florence—three times he asked the assistant vice-president if he really had full authorization. But certainly the person most surprised was Louis Eilers, then an executive vice-president and since January president of Eastman Kodak. He first heard about it over the radio after Florence had jubilantly held a press conference. The next day the executive committee set about

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undoing the work of the company's junior officer.

"Kodak made FIGHT look good," said one University of Rochester professor, who thought Florence might have had trouble coming up with six hundred people. "For a moment there," said one of FIGHT's

many vice-presidents, "I wondered if Kodak was utterly cynical." He was worried not only about FIGHT's ability to produce but also about its ability to counsel the hard-core unemployed effectively, as the agreement had stipulated FIGHT would do at its own expense. "If I were Alinsky," said Benjamin Phelosof, then acting president of Friends of FIGHT, "I would have bribed Eilers to repudiate the agreement."

Jobs and Beyond

Kodak next turned to its own pre-apprenticeship training, which it had approached with the caution it applies to any new product. "We learned," said Tom Robertson, head of Kodak's public relations, "that it is very difficult to teach people as a group because of differences in their backgrounds." He said that the company had "almost come down to" a tutorial system, but after investigation had decided to bring in the Board for Fundamental Education. According to Eilers, Kodak now realizes that a special effort has to be made with training, that it is not enough just to open the doors. As Edward Croft, the metropolitan area supervisor for the State Employment Service, put it, "The only people unemployed in Rochester are those with *real* problems."

Nonetheless, at the end of January Kodak announced more plans for training 137 to 158 persons who could not meet minimum requirements. Some of the programs would last several weeks, some as long as a year, and trainees would be paid more than $2 an hour. Some would get technical courses, while the most disadvantaged would be brought up to a fifth-grade reading level if necessary. It is even possible that Kodak will end up approaching the six hundred figure that FIGHT has asked for. But they will not all be Negroes, nor will they be referred by FIGHT. Kodak has asked eleven agencies, among them settlement houses, the State Employment Service, and the Urban League, to send referrals. It also asked FIGHT, which rejected the offer out of hand (even though it had a similar arrangement with Xerox) and accused those who might co-operate of joining a "conspiracy." Referrals, however, are being made, and Kodak's program is moving along slowly.

Jobs and job training are not the only or even the major issues. FIGHT's basic struggle is for recognition and, through recognition, power. Many of Florence's statements such as "The plague of black democracy will . . . sweep Main and Exchange Streets" are addressed to the black community, not the white. Yet it is often the whites who react most volatilely.

In the heat of a public argument last fall with Superintendent of Schools Herman Goldberg, for example, Florence said, "That's the trouble with you Jews when you get your color up." The Jewish community was thunderstruck. "I got more phone calls that night than over anything FIGHT has done," one Jewish matron who supports FIGHT told me. She shrugged. "'What's there to be surprised about?' I asked them. 'Is this news?'" Alinsky tried to patch things up by explaining to the Temple B'rith Kodesh that Negroes were impartially hostile to all whites. It was simply that the most visible whites in the Negro community, "the ones you can get your hands on," are often Jews.

FAR MORE important, however, has been the Protestant reaction to FIGHT's tactics and Florence's personality. For it is the Council of Churches that raised the money to finance Alinsky's services for two years and is currently raising $35,000 for a third year. The Presbyterians, the largest contributors, have already decided to continue their support, but after Stokely Carmichael's visit, half a dozen of the eighty-odd Presbyterian churches considered an attempt to get the support withdrawn. The second largest contributors, the Episcopalians, are debating the matter in a special committee. The third, the Baptists, have voted to continue their support, even though a third of their delegates voted against it. There is no doubt that the $35,000 will be raised, just as there is no doubt that FIGHT is not ready to stand on its own feet.

In January, the publisher of the Gannett Newspapers, Paul Miller, who has been thoroughly anti-FIGHT since the beginning, ran an attack in the Rochester *Times-Union* on the ministers who supported FIGHT. It was entitled "The Gulf Between Pulpit and Pew—One Layman's View." Shortly thereafter, the president of the Rochester Area

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Council of Churches resigned in protest against its support of FIGHT, and soon afterward two directors of the board followed suit. For weeks, sermons for or against FIGHT and the Council of Churches dominated Sunday services.

The white Friends of FIGHT are also having their troubles. They welcome their own exclusion from the councils of FIGHT on the theory that for too long in helping the Negroes the white man has told them what to do; now the Negroes are to have their innings. The Friends have therefore followed Florence's dictation, and while this has worked well for a time—Florence's prestige is certainly enhanced by telling whites what to do—certain problems are beginning to arise. How long, for instance, can Friends of FIGHT be effective if it is merely an echo? There are signs that the two groups have differed over education, with FIGHT pressing more for quality schools in the Negro districts and Friends tending to emphasize integration. Some Friends would like to organize research on school segregation or housing, research FIGHT badly needs, but Florence will not give them the go-ahead. Some are concerned about the unemployed whites in Rochester, too. "I think FIGHT prefers that we sit around and save our energies for things they think up," said the former acting president of Friends, Benjamin Phelosof. "Friends," said Florence, "only do what they are directed to do." The first president of Friends had resigned, citing the press of other business. Now Phelosof has resigned too.

Wheels Within Wheels

The most painful split has occurred between the numerous poor Negroes and the few middle-class Negroes. Apparently Florence feels that he has nothing to lose and much to gain by castigating the middle-class Negro. Thus when Kodak offered to expand its training program and to take referrals from several agencies and Florence responded by saying that any agency that co-operated would be joining a "conspiracy," his attack was aimed primarily at the local Urban League and its new head, Laplois Ashford, a former deputy police commissioner. The Urban League was brought into Rochester two years ago by the Community Chest as a counter to the Alinsky organization. It is primarily middle-class oriented. Ashford hopes to broaden its base, but in so doing he unavoidably comes into competition with Florence and is caught in the middle of FIGHT's struggle with Kodak. Ashford said that Florence "told us outright" during the earlier discussions with Kodak, "You don't send any of the six hundred down." When Ashford protested, Florence's followers began calling him "an Uncle Tom" and "a traitor to the cause."

Ashford supports FIGHT ("Negroes must have a militant organization"), but he is willing to stand up to Florence. In fact, when Florence implied that Ashford was working behind the scenes with Kodak to settle its dispute with FIGHT, Ashford took his case to the public in a letter to the *Democrat and Chronicle* in which he attacked Florence's "irresponsibility" and "divisiveness." He questioned whether "FIGHT and only FIGHT should be the spokesman for the 'poor' black man in the Rochester community," and whether "one should be chastised as a traitor . . . if he does not necessarily follow the FIGHT philosophy as projected by Minister Florence.... The life of the typical ghetto resident is difficult enough without having to be misled, confused, and exploited by those he has chosen to lead him. . . ."

A middle-class Negro listed the names of those who had helped Flor-

ence draw up FIGHT's constitution, set up its committees, and organize its battles. "They want to use us while they abuse us," he complained.

No issue in Rochester these days long remains free of conflicting loyalties. There are always wheels within wheels. The wife of the Kodak official who signed the December 20 agreement with FIGHT, for instance, is a member of Friends of FIGHT. The president of the Rochester Area Council of Churches who resigned is an employee of Kodak. Yet a number of Kodak employees remain in the Council of Churches, along with a FIGHT negotiator who is an associate director. Other Kodak employees are in Friends of FIGHT.

WHAT will happen next? "I don't speak for FIGHT," said Ed Chambers, Alinsky's representative in Rochester, "but FIGHT's main thrust will continue until Kodak honors its agreement." Yet an interfaith movement is afoot to inaugurate a community-wide program for the hard-core unemployed, a movement that could get Kodak off the hook and make it difficult for FIGHT to say "No." Meanwhile, if Kodak continues to ignore FIGHT, where will it go? "Guerrilla warfare," said Florence. There may be picketing of founder George Eastman's home, which has been turned into a photographic museum. Perhaps an "eat-in," eating beans at the Eastman School of Music while "our white brothers pass by in their silks and satin." Maybe FIGHT will hound Eilers ("Everywhere he goes, we go").

"If Kodak confines us to Rochester," Florence has said, "we're dead." Yet the national boycott of Kodak which Carmichael promised to help organize and which took place on Valentine's Day turned out to be a flop. Picketing, scheduled in only nine cities, actually occurred in four. At that, only a few dozen showed up in Detroit, Chicago, and San Francisco, only five to seven in Atlanta. Black power, it would seem, will not bring FIGHT the allies it needs to succeed.

Most recently FIGHT has bought ten shares of Eastman Kodak and plans to raise hell at Kodak's stockholders' meeting on April 25. And not long ago Florence sent a telegram to Eilers that held the threat of a riot: "The cold of February will give way to the warm of spring, and eventually to the long hot summer," Florence wired. "What will happen in Rochester in the summer of 1967 is at the doorstep of the Eastman Kodak Company. . . . You'll be hearing from us," he concluded cryptically, "and it won't be in black and white."

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The Powell Case: Bungling All Around

PAUL DUKE

ONE HOUR before the House took up the Adam Clayton Powell case on March 1, Democratic Representative John Brademas of South Bend, Indiana, received a telephone call from a Negro minister who felt that the punishment recommended by a special nine-man committee was too harsh. It was the only such protest received by Brademas from his Negro constituents or, for that matter, from anyone.

The failure to muster substantial Negro backing proved to be an unexpected handicap to the Harlem Democrat's efforts to be seated during the first two months of the new session. Not only was Powell deprived of any effective counterforce to the vociferous mail from whites demanding that he be kept out of Congress, but at least some House members were convinced that they could join in the assault without serious political injury from Negro voters. The case can even be made that the lack of Negro pressure was more crucial than the white pressure in the defeat by twenty votes of the special committee's plan to seat Powell while subjecting him to severe penalties and censure.

Wails came from Ralph Bunche, Martin Luther King, and many other Negro leaders only after the House decision to deny Powell a seat. The protests seemed incongruous in view of the earlier silence but showed that the leaders, surprised by the severity of the House action, now felt that the case transcended Powell himself and was rather an issue of a Negro being punished by white men, some with notorious records of bias. The protests also indicated that Powell would have at least the semblance of a united front when the House considered the case again in the wake of his re-election.

Above the Battle

The principal explanation for Powell's initial failure to gain significant Negro support lay in his estrangement from the civil-rights movement. When new leaders appeared in the late 1950's, Powell's response was to scoff at the challengers and to continue his old style of brash aloofness. Few expected him to take to the streets, but there was some expectation that for his own protection he might at least make some perfunctory gestures. He didn't bother. He didn't even show up to vote for the civil-rights bills of 1965 and 1966.

On January 10—the very day Congress convened and the day the House first refused to seat Powell—the Washington *Post* appeared with a front-page story that quoted him as lampooning "weak knees" Wilkins, Martin "Loser" King, and "Whitey" Young. The consequence was a disposition throughout the civil-rights movement to let Powell fight his own battle.

As Roy Wilkins put it: "It is hardly to be wondered that the civil-rights organizations did not spend sleepless nights in his defense. He thought himself all-powerful, all-wise. He didn't need help. Adam always spread the aura about himself that he had everything well in hand."

Even so, it is likely that the civil-rights groups would have rallied strongly to his side had the multitudes been stirred to battle. That they were not is evidence of what many leaders view as a growing sophistication among a Negro electorate no longer easily swayed by traditional demagoguery. Scattered surveys showed, in fact, that rank-and-file Negroes were not nearly so upset about Powell's plight as some accounts implied, despite a demonstration by a thousand persons on the Capitol steps on opening day. "Sure, most Negroes are mad at the refusal to seat Adam because they think it's a cruel application of the double standard," a Negro Congressman told me. "But this doesn't mean they like Adam all that much. There are a lot of them who think he's a disgrace to our people and ought to be punished."

The logical deduction is that Powell's megalomania led him into major miscalculations. One notable example was his brief flirtation with extremism last fall. Proclaiming himself the father of black power, Powell invited civil-rights leaders to attend a black-power conference in the suite of the House Education and Labor Committee. Not one prominent rights official showed up. This fur-

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ther widened the breach with the Negro leadership and alienated many members of Congress who looked with disfavor on the chairman of the Education and Labor Committee serving as sponsor of such a meeting on Congressional property.

Nor did Powell gauge the extent of the antipathy building up against him when the Democratic majority on his committee rebelled a few weeks later against his excesses and voted to curb his powers. When, finally, in December, a housekeeping committee began delving into Powell's travel vouchers, the chairman's reaction was to laugh off the whole thing as an unpleasant joke and to pursue even more vigorously the pleasures of Bimini, his favored island in the Bahamas.

By the time he returned to Washington on January 8, Powell's problems had multiplied. The housekeeping committee had confirmed suspicions about the abuse of government funds, and the New York courts had cited him for criminal contempt growing out of Powell's fight over a defamation judgment that had swollen to $164,000. A number of House members were now openly calling for his exclusion from Congress. Powell seemed unfazed. Arriving at the airport, he was as bouncy and breezy as ever, and even C. Sumner Stone, his chief aide, had a hard time convincing him that he was in deep trouble. When the truth finally sank in, Powell's tack was to resort to his customary line of defense—that he was being persecuted because of his race.

Despite Powell's blunders, it is entirely possible that he would have been seated but for the Democratic leadership's ineptitude in handling the case. Speaker John W. McCormack in particular seemed oblivious to the rising tide of opinion demanding that Powell be removed from office. To one member who visited him, the Speaker contended at some length that it was inconceivable that a duly elected member would be denied his seat. Although Democrat Lionel Van Deerlin of California announced on November 30 that he intended to offer a resolution to prevent seating, it was not until January 5 that McCormack called him in and tried to dissuade him. When a delegation from the House's liberal bloc, the Democratic Study Group, argued for some compromise to head off strong action on the floor, McCormack seemed stunned, making it clear that he was opposed to even mild disciplinary action.

Farewell to Moderation

If the Speaker was indeed unaware of the seriousness of the uprising, he was jolted to reality at the party caucus on January 9, when Democrats rejected by 122 to 88 a motion reluctantly supported by McCormack to suspend Powell as chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. The caucus voted instead to remove him altogether as chairman after some Democrats argued that only such drastic action could save his seat. The chamber's mood plainly assured approval for Van Deerlin's plan to keep Powell on the sidelines while an investigative panel studied his conduct and made recommendations.

The special committee's conclusion on February 23 that Powell should be seated, censured, fined $40,000, and stripped of seniority was widely hailed as the most judicious compromise that could be framed. But again the Democratic command underestimated popular sentiment. With Southern Democrats almost unanimously against any kind of arrangement that would seat Powell and with the Republicans sharply split, the burden fell on Northern and Western Democrats, who normally support the leadership on crucial issues. But the 222-202 defeat of the motion to seat Powell found twenty-eight of these Democrats in the opposition column. Similarly, twelve of the twenty Democratic chairmen of legislative committees sided against the leadership.

The defeat of the special committee's recommendation removed the last vestige of moderation in solving the crisis. The House proceeded to approve, 307-116, the hastily drafted motion of Republican Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri that Powell be barred from the Ninetieth Congress. "At no time—neither on January 10 nor on March 1—did the leadership come up with any strategy for trying to prevent this mess," remarked one Northern Democrat.

The House decision was a classic example of overkill. Especially distressing was the chamber's disregard for the Constitutional issues raised in the committee's thirty-five-page report. Not only did the panel find that Powell had met the basic Constitutional requirements of age, residency, and citizenship, but it suggested that the nearly half a million persons in New York's Eighteenth District would be denied the fundamental right of representation if he was not seated. This was a tacit recognition of the fact that Powell's constituents were not likely to turn their backs on him even if Congress did.

In its way, the committee's course represented a masterful conciliation of opposing approaches. The nine members, headed by the dean of the House, Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn, were divided largely along partisan lines. The camp of hard-liners included all four Republican members—Arch Moore of West Virginia, Charles M. Teague of California, Clark MacGregor of Minnesota, and Vernon W. Thomson of Wisconsin—plus Democrat Claude Pepper of Florida. They believed that the House should in some fashion keep Powell from taking his seat. The committeemen who favored a lesser punishment were Celler and the other three Democrats, James C. Corman of California, Andrew Jacobs, Jr., of Indiana, and John Conyers, Jr., of Michigan. Thus, at the start the committee stood five to four against seating Powell.

The majority's proposals for barring him dominated the committee's early sessions. But for one reason or another, various ideas proved impractical. Moreover, a study of the precedents for punishment provided impressive evidence that the House would be on dangerous ground in refusing to seat anyone for questionable morals.

The framers of the Constitution recognized as much when they debated the question. The 1787 convention delegates rejected as "improper and dangerous" suggestions that the national legislature be

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given power to set qualifications beyond the enumerated ones for membership. On several occasions during the nineteenth century the House resisted the temptation to exclude members-elect after a majority acknowledged the Constitutional limitations. As early as 1807 a House report declared that deviation could mean "any sort of dangerous qualification might be established—of property, color, creed, or political professions." A more recent application of the Constitutional leash occurred in 1933, when the House voted to seat Francis N. Shoemaker of Minnesota after concluding that his conviction for a felony did not deprive him of "citizenship."

The records revealed that on the few occasions when admission was denied, the House was motivated largely by public hysteria. A wave of anti-Mormon feeling, for example, cost Brigham Roberts of Utah, who had three wives, a seat in 1900; and anti-radical attitudes kept out Socialist Victor Berger of Wisconsin in 1919.

The Harsh Half-Measures

"The more we studied, the more we realized Powell should be seated," said MacGregor. Accordingly, the hard-liners caved in.

The resulting coalescence of viewpoint on the seating issue left the committee only with the matter of fixing punishment. This was no easy chore. Conyers, the lone Negro member of the panel, felt that a stiff censure would suffice. Celler and Corman wanted to go further, but questioned taking the unprecedented step of docking Powell's pay to reimburse the government. The four Republicans, having retreated on seating, made it plain that they would accept nothing less than the full measure of punishment, and ultimately they prevailed. Committee sources suggest that the severity of the sentence would have been tempered with at least some mercy had Powell, in his lone appearance before the group, displayed any willingness to co-operate with the inquiry.

To some, the outstanding merit of the committee verdict was its very harshness. As they reasoned, Powell would never submit abjectly to such humiliation after having

been defiant for so long, and thus would involuntarily retire from Congress. "What proved to be sound Constitutionally turned out to be the best practically," observed one member. "It could have made him a quitter instead of a martyr."

The subtleties of such thinking were obliterated in the tide of emotionalism that engulfed the House floor in the ensuing March 1 debate. Those conservatives prone to hold up the Constitution as the great shield of American freedom did not appear impressed with the argument advanced by MacGregor in one of the few memorable speeches. "Many of you in this chamber have joined me in criticizing the Supreme Court for its broad constructions of the Constitution," he said. "We have called for strict interpretations, and will again. How anomalous it would be for those of us in this chamber who have berated the Court for its broad constructions to now act on the question of Mr. Powell's exclusion under the broadest interpretation possible."

THE DEBATE ranged mainly from the extraneous to the ridiculous. Republican Representative Durwood G. Hall of Missouri, one of the more notorious Constitution-wavers, assailed Powell for calling his colleagues "hypocrites." Curtis cited a violation of the Ten Commandments. Many saw the issue primarily as one of protecting the integrity of Congress, implying that the removal of Powell from the scene would reverse the low rating given the Legislative branch in opinion polls. Few contended, as Conyers did, that to reject the committee's solution would be "to throw the Constitution into the wastebasket."

It is questionable whether the case will produce any historic confrontation between the courts and Congress, even though Celler's committee warned that refusal to grant seating might lead to a Constitutional crisis. There are no clear guidelines because there has never been a test of Congressional authority in such matters. The suit filed by Powell's lawyers in Federal District Court in Washington on March 8 was the first directly to challenge the power of the legislators to go beyond the enumerated qualifications in barring members.

Some scholars believe that the Federal judiciary could agree with Alexander Hamilton's assertion that "the qualifications of the persons... are defined and fixed by the Constitution," and direct that Powell be seated. In its landmark decision of 1962 ordering the reapportionment of state legislatures, the Supreme Court discarded the old restraints against entering "the political thicket." Moreover, it explicitly claimed for itself the role of "ultimate interpreter" of the Constitution. It should also be noted that in its unanimous ruling last December 5 that the Georgia legislature could not bar membership to Julian Bond for pacifism, the court asserted supremacy in judging the qualifications for a legislative assembly.

A large body of legal opinion, however, holds that the courts would decline to intervene in what is essentially an internal action by a co-equal branch of government. The judiciary has tended historically to take the broad view when challenges have been directed at Congressional authority. And even if the House did go outside the Constitutional rules for membership, there is no general mandate for the courts to redress such violations. Federal Judge George Hart suggested in arguments before the District Court on April 4 that intervention might be an assertion of "unequal power" by the judiciary that would contravene the sovereign immunity of Congress. In addition to its lawmaking function, Congress has a number of institutional powers that are quasi-judicial in nature. Among

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these are the powers to judge the elections, votes, and qualifications of its members. The courts have long acknowledged that in its consideration of these matters a branch of Congress becomes, in effect, a judicial tribunal. Thus the courts could hold that the Powell case is not justiciable because it is outside their jurisdiction.

There is an important distinction between the political rights upheld in the reapportionment ruling and in the Bond case and those cited by Powell's lawyers. The Supreme Court is plainly superior to state legislatures and has the power to enforce its decrees relating to the states. It was, as the court stated in *Baker* v. *Carr* in 1962, a question of "the consistency of state action with the Constitution." Powell's case involved a separate but equal branch of government and posed the question, as Judge Hart observed, whether the courts would now go deeper "into that thicket."

At the Door Again

From a practical standpoint, there would be no assurance that the House would honor a Supreme Court declaration affirming that Powell's rights had been violated. The House might instead defy the judiciary. It is not inconceivable that many members who have lambasted Supreme Court rulings on race, religion, and crime would welcome the opportunity to give the justices their comeuppance.

In any event, the legal complexities were not expected to be resolved prior to a resubmission of the case to the House following Powell's victory in a special election to fill the vacancy. If the chamber reversed its stand, the Constitutional questions would become academic. With most civil-rights groups now behind Powell, Democratic leaders hoped that the outcome would be different this time. The atmosphere in the House remained charged with anti-Powell sentiment, however, and Powell's continuing arrogance and pronouncements from Bimini about a Negro third-force movement only made things more difficult for those who were trying to persuade the House to heed the letter of the Constitution rather than the letters of constituents.

India's Opposition Scents Power

SUNDAR RAJAN

BOMBAY

THE FEBRUARY national election, resulting in unexpectedly large gains for a widely divergent assortment of Congress Party enemies, has brought in its wake a number of unusual events. Some hours before the new legislative assembly of West Bengal State opened its budget session on March 8, policemen quietly withdrew from the legislative building. Wild with enthusiasm, more than ten thousand Calcuttans flocked in to witness the first meeting of what was described by the Communist Finance Minister as a "people's assembly." One columnist noted how factory workers, rickshaw pullers, and bootblacks went round the chamber and affectionately touched the speaker's chair. Later, when Governor Padmaja Naidu, a federal appointee, ceremonially entered the House to deliver her inaugural speech, there were cries of "Long live the revolution!" from the public galleries. A few days earlier, the thirteen-party left-wing government's action program had been presented to forty thousand people at an "open-air legislature" held on one of the city's huge playgrounds.

To members of West Bengal's humbled Congress Party, occupying the opposition benches for the first time since independence nineteen years ago, the scenes were galling. Like their counterparts in seven other states where the party has lost power as a result of India's fourth general election, they began to wonder whether the parliamentary system nourished with typical British care was not being degraded by such displays. "A virus seems to have taken hold of the country. May God save our people!" cried the defeated Congress Party Chief Minister of Madras State. But this was only a panicky reaction. Soon, Congress leaders were sending congratulatory messages to the new Chief Ministers of West Bengal, Kerala, Orissa, Madras, Bihar, and Punjab. (Haryana and Uttar Pradesh were lost later.) There were long-distance calls from Prime Minister Indira Gandhi assuring them of the federal government's good will and co-operation. Congress Party Chairman Kumaraswami Kamaraj announced that in all the opposition-controlled states his party men would function "in the best parliamentary tradition." He told party leaders to set a "fine example" to the opposition—implying that, unlike their political rivals, Congress members would not seek to paralyze legislative bodies through violent tactics.

THE RESULTS of the February election, the biggest democratic exercise known to history, have exceeded the fondest expectations of opposition parties. The Kerala Communists alone had seemed to be sure of capturing power. On the eve of the election, differences had weakened the party coalitions in Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa States. Neither the Dravidian Progressive Federation (DPF) in Madras nor the Akali Dal in Punjab was certain of winning absolute majorities. At the national level, opposition leaders were privately admitting that they would be satisfied if the Congress Party's strength in the 521-member Lok Sabha (lower house) was reduced to 300 from 365.

The opposition now controls eight states, with the possibility of another —Rajasthan—coming under their sway in the months ahead because of the ruling party's precarious position in its legislature. The loss of Uttar Pradesh, which came when Congress Party dissidents joined the opposition on a routine vote of confidence as the new state legislature convened on April 1, was a particularly hard blow. The state borders New Delhi, is India's most populous, and as the center of the

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Gandhian movement has provided India and the party with its first three Prime Ministers. The Congress Party's surviving state régimes govern less than half of India's five hundred million people. With only 281 seats in the Lok Sabha, the party's position at the federal level has also been greatly weakened.

The opposition leaders view the newly won states as so many vantage points from which to converge on New Delhi for the "decisive battle." Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, the eighty-nine-year-old founder-leader of the right-wing Swatantra Party and architect of opposition unity in Madras, says that the Congress Party will be out of office in New Delhi "in about a year." Other opposition parties have confidently asked their followers to be ready for a snap election before the end of 1968. But responsible observers do not see the future course of events in such clear-cut terms.

A snap election can take place only if the new Gandhi administration and the Congress Party's federal parliamentary wing break up under the weight of economic and political problems. Much will also depend on how the new state governments tackle economic problems and act upon their campaign promises to the people. (The election has shown that Indian voters, though largely illiterate, choose their leaders with considerable discrimination.) Moreover, the ideologically disparate parties are still far from any plan for united political action against the Congress Party nationally.

Strange Alliances

These party differences mirror the country's staggering diversity of interests and aspirations. A coalition of Communists, Socialists, and Moslems has taken over Kerala in the subcontinent's tip. In the adjoining state of Madras, power has passed into the hands of the Dravidian Progressive Federation, representing the Tamil-speaking peoples of South India. Proud of their ancient culture, the Tamils are strongly opposed to northern political domination, regarding it as a manifestation of historic Aryan expansionism. The thirteen parties that form the government in West Bengal in Calcutta range from the Gandhian Bangla Congress, a group formed by Congress Party dissidents, to pro-Peking Communists. In Orissa the provincial "secretariat" is in the control of former maharajas, advocates of unrestricted private enterprise (the creed of the Swatantra Party), and Congress Party rebels. The Samyukta (United) Socialist Party is the biggest component in the Bihar coalition, though its Chief Minister is a Congress Party rebel. The administration in Punjab, a key frontier area adjoining Pakistan, is run by the Akali Dal, the militant Sikh party that won a separate communal state last year after a bitter struggle against the federal government.

It is noteworthy that in only one of these states, Madras, has power gone to a single, homogeneous party. The Madras election was won by a multiparty united front; but since the Dravidian Progressive Federation commands an absolute majority

in the legislature, it was able to exclude other parties from the government. For this reason the Madras state administration is likely to prove the most stable of the lot and consequently the biggest headache to the Congress Party. Elsewhere, only a convenient coalition of political, religious, and linguistic loyalties sustains the opposition régimes. The Moslem League, which played a key role in the ouster of Kerala's first Communist government in 1960, is now an important ally of Chief Minister Sankaran Namboodiripad, a pro-Peking Communist. In Bihar, the Hindu nationalist Jana Sangh Party has gained representation in the state cabinet. Hindu support to the Sikh-dominated Punjab government is perhaps the biggest contradiction of the current Indian political situation, for the Jana Sangh bitterly opposed the formation of a separate Sikh state.

The two factions of the Indian Communist Party, allied for purposes of the election, need the support of non-Communist groups and also must co-operate with each other if leftist control over Kerala and West Bengal is to prove enduring. Ideological recriminations, however, continue. The Maoists, who are the stronger, have accused the pro-Moscow "revisionists" of splitting anti-Congress votes in the election by disruptionist tactics and have called some of them "paid stooges" of the Congress Party. Shripad Dange, the leader of the pro-Soviet faction, has been vainly appealing to the Maoists to stop their "unseemly fulminations." There is reason to think that but for the Peking-Moscow schism, Indian Communists would have scored far more impressive electoral gains. (They now hold 248 legislative and forty-three parliamentary seats.) The Sino-Soviet quarrel has cost the Indian Reds a chance for absolute control over Kerala and West Bengal, reduced their following in Andhra Pradesh, their former stronghold, and put them behind the Swatantra Party and the Jana Sangh in the federal Parliament.

Namboodiripad, a fifty-eight-year-old Brahman who has journeyed from Gandhiism to Maoist Marxism but is nevertheless considered a moderate among the ideologues of his faction, strongly denies that Communism has swept Kerala. "Ours is only an alliance which includes the Communist Party," the Chief Minister told a reporter. "We cannot achieve the transformation we desire so easily, since it involves a change in the thinking of millions of Indians." He maintains that Communism can triumph in India only through a class war but admits that the country is not ready for it. He is prepared to wait, especially with one state in his grasp.

MINISTRIES in the eight states where opposition parties have gained control are proceeding cautiously. They will needle the federal government only to the extent it helps them consolidate their position locally. Each state government has devised a minimum program designed

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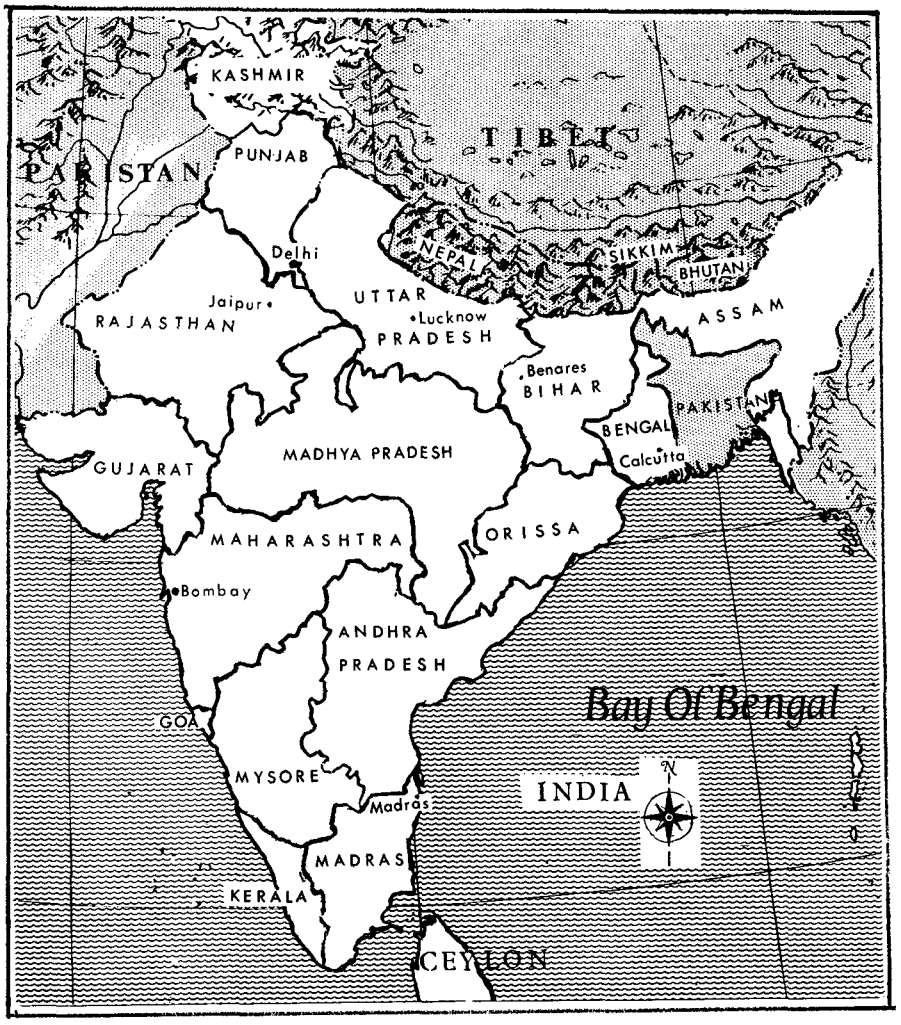
to convince the long-suffering masses of their ability to deliver the goods. For the immediate future they have promised nothing more spectacular than honest administrations concentrating on food production, inflation control, and measures against corruption.

The eleven-point program put forward by the Punjab united-front government is typical of the approach of India's opposition politicians. It promises to provide a clean administration, check spiraling prices of grain and other essential commodities (in some areas wholesale prices have already come down), abolish land taxes on holdings up to five acres, develop industry and trade, increase agricultural production through incentives to peasants, arrange tax relief for urban residents, improve the lot of the former outcaste and other backward classes by distributing surplus cultivable land, raise the pay scales of government employees, appoint judicial tribunals to investigate corruption charges against "important" persons (an obvious reference to Congress Party insiders), remove vexatious restrictions on the business community, and guarantee adequate wages and better living conditions for industrial labor.

Opposition Chief Ministers and their cabinet colleagues are anxious to be regarded by the people as men of integrity and humility. (Most of the new state leaders have announced that they will draw low salaries, continue to live in their own modest houses, and will abolish many of the luxurious perquisites enjoyed by their Congress Party predecessors.)



Consolidating the Gains

Despite their divided political loyalties, there is only a remote possibility that dissensions will soon cause the new state régimes to break up. A Kerala Communist M.P. told me that Namboodiripad had instructed his party leaders thus: "We should not oblige the Congress Party by indulging in quarrels. It should be our attempt to carry our partners with us, even if it means making concessions to them in important matters. We must avoid the mistake of behaving like a Communist government." The attempt of the opposition ministries will be to show that if they are not able to produce spectacular results, it will be because of the vagaries of the federal system. They will blame federal "niggardliness," as Namboodiripad has put it.

An article in the well-informed New Delhi *Weekend Review* noted: "Two circumstances are likely to aggravate a situation intrinsically difficult. Firstly, the finances of the states are in poor shape. Secondly, there has been a steady erosion of the federal principle in the last seventeen years largely as a consequence of the financial policies associated with planned development." After referring to their "abject financial dependence" on the central government, the article warned: "The new governments will soon discover that this is going to hamper any initiative on their own unless, of course, the whole problem is generalized into a political one, in which case the consequences will be unpredictable." In other words, a financial confrontation between New Delhi and the opposition régimes with sharp political overtones is not unlikely. Alleged "stepmotherly" treatment by the central government, for example, has been a sore point with all Kerala parties.

The conservative Swatantra Party's elder statesman, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, is eager to build on the opposition gains while public sentiment is still favorable. Despite his poor health, he traveled to New Delhi to confer with northern M.P.s. He says he is hopeful of organizing a national united front of his own party, the Jana Sangh, and the Dravidian party, which have a total strength of 102 in the Lok Sabha. Apparently he would not be averse to a pact with the Communists if it could help to oust the Congress Party at the federal level (the united front he organized in Madras included pro-Peking Communists). The "old Brahman fox," as his enemies derisively call him, thinks that there is no danger that the left-wing parties will capture power in New Delhi, and he has asserted that "Com-

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munism is a Congress Party bogey."

The Hindu nationalist Jana Sangh has emerged as a powerful force in Parliament and in three northern states. Among its spectacular successes was the capture of the Delhi Metropolitan Council (a miniature assembly) and of all but one of the seven Delhi seats in Parliament. Its differences with the Dravidians on the language question have been fundamental. The Jana Sangh wants Hindi to replace English as the federal medium, while the Dravidian party is dead set against it. The Dravidians' election successes in the South are largely attributable to Tamil fears of Hindi domination. Even so, Rajagopalachari thinks that the gulf between the Jana Sangh and the Dravidian Progressive Federation is not unbridgeable. He has scored an initial triumph by persuading the Dravidian Chief Minister of Madras, C. N. Annadurai, to announce publicly that the party no longer believes in secession from the Union, and by drawing from the head of the Jana Sangh the statement that Annadurai is "a reasonable man with whom it is possible to come to an agreement even on the language issue." But when Parliament met on March 16, Dravidian party members took their oaths in Tamil, thus serving notice that their opposition to Hindi remains as strong as before.

INDIA'S opposition parties have successfully shown that despite policy differences, conservatives, Communists, Socialists, linguistic nationalists, and religion-oriented Hindu, Moslem, and Sikh groups can unite to win administrative power. But it is one thing for a group of disparate people to be able to run a provincial setup and quite another to make a going concern of a vast federal machinery with responsibility, among other things, for defense and foreign affairs. Rajagopalachari argues that a non-Communist coalition government in New Delhi will be more stable than the present Congress Party administration. But the non-Communist parties will have to agree on many things on which they are sharply divided at present. Apart from the language question, the Jana Sangh will have to modify its stand on what it calls the "indispensability" of nuclear weapons. Nor does it agree with Rajagopalachari that there must be reconciliation with Pakistan over Kashmir. Again, while the Swatantra Party is openly pro-West, the Jana Sangh is becoming increasingly critical of Washington and London because of their alleged partiality toward Pakistan. There were anti-British and anti-West outbursts in Jana Sangh circles during the recent New Delhi visit of Earl Mountbatten, the last Viceroy of India.

Many thoughtful Indians feel that while a Congress Party defeat in Parliament would perhaps be beneficial to India's political development, the emergence of the Jana Sangh and the Swatantra Party into power at the federal capital could easily prove a setback to liberal democracy. However, recent articles in the Indian press suggest that the Jana Sangh is "broadening" its political base to take in Moslems and other non-Hindus. The infusion of "young blood" (a favorite Indian political obsession) also indicates that the Jana Sangh is slowly shedding its orthodox character and may ultimately evolve into a vigorous Indian nationalist party.

The Rajasthan Incident

Many Indians who voted against the Congress Party say that their main intention was to rebuke the flabby giant. But the question is: Will the party learn the lesson? The squabbling and horse trading that preceded Mrs. Gandhi's re-election as Prime Minister came to Indians as an indication that the giant may be stricken with a fatal disease. Had it not been for Congress Chairman Kumaraswami Kamaraj's last-minute ultimatum to Mrs. Gandhi and Deputy Prime Minister Morarji Desai to compose their differences in the interests of the party's survival, the situation might have become uglier. As things are, the Gandhi-Desai team will have to work hard and with imagination and cohesion to dispel the present gloom about the future of the Congress Party. There is the ever-present danger that Mrs. Gandhi's seeming reasonableness toward the opposition régimes in the states will soften into appeasement and that Desai's capacity for resoluteness will erupt into provocative acts and stir up a major federal-state crisis.

The federal government's handling of a knotty situation that developed after the election in Rajasthan, where no party won an absolute majority, has not enhanced its reputation. The state governor, a federal appointee, invited the Congress Party, which had the largest number of votes, to form the administration, ignoring opposition charges of favoritism. Before the new assembly could meet to give the opposition parties an opportunity to prove their doubtful claim that they could unite to form a majority in the House, six people were killed in protest demonstrations and a curfew was imposed on Jaipur, the state capital. The new Congress Chief Minister then developed cold feet and quit. Instead of advising the governor to ask the opposition to try its hand in forming the government, the Gandhi cabinet in New Delhi ordered suspension of the assembly and imposed federal rule on the state. The protests then became nationwide. A few days later Mrs. Gandhi went on the government-controlled All India Radio to explain that there was no intention to dissolve the Rajasthan assembly, and that the central government intended to restore popular rule.

Coming so soon after the election, the Rajasthan episode raised eyebrows everywhere. It is variously interpreted as a sign of the Congress Party's reluctance to part with power, as a projection of the Gandhi administration's structural weaknesses and Desai's attempt to assert himself as a strong man, as a forgivable lapse on the part of a leadership which, after nearly twenty years of undisputed power, suddenly finds itself critically challenged at every level, and, finally, as a timely warning from the federal authorities that they cannot be bullied into surrender by street demonstrations.

Events in India have been moving fast in recent months. The time of judgment on the soundness of the Gandhi administration and on the opposition leaders' ability to pursue their political ambitions without harm to India's young democracy may soon be at hand.

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The Family of Twang

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

It was such a quiet sound that no one paid much attention until it had seized the radio stations and proclaimed its presence on the airwaves. By that time, the revolution was already in full cry—the revolution of twang, which is responsible for most of the hedonist new sounds that have taken over the musical establishment.

It had begun, almost furtively, with a few influential twangs in the right places: the exuberant whopjoing of Landowska's harpsichord, for instance, or the gentle thrumming of Segovia's guitar. After them came the reinforcements from Lahore, Louisville, and Liverpool, roiling the jaded eardrum with a thousand fresh varieties of twang. Ravi Shankar brought his sitar from Benares, Ali Akbar Khan his sarode from Bengal, Hamza El Din his oud from Khartoum, and Shinizi Yuize his koto from Kyoto. Never before in musical history—certainly not since the days of Harun al-Rashid—has there been such a great jangling of pickers and pluckers: Julian Bream and his lute, Pete Seeger with his banjo, and assorted buzukis, citterns, dulcimers, kayakeums, rebabs, samisens, etc. To say nothing of twenty million guitars, acoustic or electric, which may sound like blunt instruments in the hands of the inchoate masses, but give off a dazzling twang indeed when wielded by Pomponio and Zárate, Flatt and Scruggs, or Simon and Garfunkel.

This seems to be an international passion, and it cuts across all barriers of race, creed, or bag. When Shankar comes to Philharmonic Hall he packs them in three nights running—musicologists, jazzmen, shorthairs, hippies, and the polloi. Carnegie Hall is a sellout for Ali Akbar and his sarode; that used to be a privilege reserved for Horowitz and Heifetz. The Beatles extended the range of their already considerable twang when George Harrison went to India to sit, literally, at Shankar's feet, and a lot of other pop tycoons have since adopted the sitar sound, including the Rolling Stones, Yardbirds, and Blue Magoos. The cognoscenti who make avant-musical reputations never talk about composers any more (there hasn't been a real breakthrough for a new composer since Boulez); instead, they—and the composers themselves—talk about nothing but the great practitioners of twang. "You had better be with it," says James Lyons, board chairman of the Society for Asian Music, "because it's a big part of what's happening, baby!"

Some critics seem to feel that twang is only a passing fashion, but what is actually involved here is a fundamental turnabout in our whole way of listening to music. And nowhere is the change better illustrated than in this curious sight of one man plucking one instrument, the cynosure of all ears, in a hall that is patently too large for him. The nineteenth-century sonic ideal embodied in the architecture of our big concert halls was based on the smooth blending of massed sound, and a whole pattern of thinking—the Glazunov Galaxy—that went with it. An orchestra of a hundred men formed a kind of assembly line for the production of mellow, ear-filling music (the "symphony"). They worked under the supervision of a time-and-motion specialist (the "conductor") according to a complex, split-second plan (the "score") devised by a sonic inventor-engineer (the "composer"). If all went according to schedule, the result was a luxuriously velvet sound. Sometimes, in works like the Largo of the New World Symphony, the effect is so uniformly smooth that a tape recording of the thing can be played backwards or forwards and sound almost exactly the same.

What is conspicuously missing in this triumph of determinism are the short lovely jabs of tone, the fractional wobble of twang that announces the birth of a new note. "Enough of the soup," says a young composer I know who has started studying the sitar. "I want to hear each note when it stands up and when it sits down." On the sitar, the passage from note to note becomes an adventure in microtones; not just ordinary boings but great agonizing dwooiiaaiings that hover for suspenseful moments before landing on the target note. No other sound in the world is as obviously reserved for solo playing—a one-man affair that can never be collectivized like the violins (massed twangs, even in a balalaika orchestra, simply cancel each other out). And no other is as richly erotic; it suggests a sonic allegory to the quiver of dancing breasts in a tribal society. Certainly the secret fascination of twang has something to do with its tribal past, and its origins in magic ritual going back at least to the Stone Age. One of the rock paintings in the Trois-Frères cave in southern France shows a Paleolithic magician playing the first lute of all time—a musical bow which he holds in his mouth with one hand while twanging the string with the other. According to the archaeologists, that

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was some fifteen thousand years ago.

In Africa today they still play a modified version of this musical bow, the okongo; it has a range of nearly an octave and boings beautifully, owing to the fact that the player's skull serves as his sounding board. But the instrument is hard on the teeth, and it is not surprising that other more comfortable varieties have superseded it: the vuan, kamanga, tayuc, zither, santir, tar, yue-chin, mandolin, p'i-p'a, kasso, kissar, kokin, fuzz bass, etc. It would take a whole encyclopedia of twang to deal with them all. But it may be useful, in view of the confusion now reigning in the record shops (ask for a tamboura and they try to sell you a drum record), to provide a few thumbnail sketches toward a Who's Who among the Eastern potentates of the twang dynasty.

THE SITAR, made of teak, jackwood (a kind of breadfruit tree), and seasoned gourd, has been a mainstay of Indian music for seven hundred years. Its long neck towers above the player's head when he sits cross-legged in the customary concert position. Some of the more elaborate court sitars were built to resemble peacocks, and there is one in Bombay with a belly made of an ostrich egg, mounted in gold. Most current sitars have six or seven main playing strings, running above the frets, and thirteen sympathetic strings, passing below the frets, which set up a steady humming "echo" when the rest are plucked. The sitarist twangs the main strings with a wire plectrum worn on the forefinger of the right hand; occasionally he also reaches out with his little finger to strum the sympathetic strings. Fourteen to twenty arched metal frets are clamped to the neck of the instrument, and these are moved up and down to suit the particular intervals of the raga (melodic pattern) being played.

Learning to play the sitar is (the Beatles notwithstanding) a matter of ten or twelve years of intensive study with a guru. Only about ten per cent of its music is ever written down, and the vital part is what happens during the remaining ninety per cent of improvisation, when the player can explore an infinite range of possibilities within the strictest limits of tradition. Rhythmic and melodic patterns are prescribed by ancient usage and passed from generation to generation via the aural chain of *guruparampara*—the all-important scholastic succession of Indian music. To be a sitarist requires both the stamina of a ballet dancer—concerts regularly last into the small hours of the morning—and the spiritual preparation of a monk, for this is an exercise in philosophy as much as in muscular co-ordination.

Choosing a raga on which to improvise is not just a matter of picking a tune (shall we play "Dark Eyes" or "Sunny Side of the Street"?); the raga is expected to be in harmony with the season of the year, the color of the sky, the time of day, the state of the listener's mind. There are groups of ragas for "dawn, adoration," or for "afternoon, love and passion," or "night, laughter," and a score of other possibilities, with the number of permutations reaching into the hundreds. During the opening *alap* (invocation) of his performance, the

player lingers caressingly over each note of the ascending and descending melody—a gradual exposition, full of hesitations and twangling repetitions, that has been compared to the unfolding of a lotus. The tempo speeds up and the patterns grow more complex when the tabla drums pick up the thread, and the climax is reached anywhere from twenty minutes to an hour later, when the sitarist has accelerated to a dazzling explosion of virtuosity, his fingers flying over frets and strings until the hand is quicker than the eye and the raga dissolves in a pointillist blur of sound.

Ravi Shankar, born forty-seven years ago in Benares, is today's leading sitar player, and India's foremost musical ambassador to the West. Shankar is a man of many resources: founder of his own school, a former musical director of All-India Radio, composer of film scores (notably for Satyajit Ray), and a globe-circling concert artist. But if Shankar is the Horowitz, then Vilayat Khan is the Rubinstein of the sitar; an artist of fewer tensions, perhaps, but of great subtlety and life. Vilayat Khan is the son of Inayat Khan, whom many consider the greatest of all sitarists. He, in turn, was the son of Indad Khan, a master who could "raise a storm" on his tiny sitar. It happens not infrequently in traditionalist India that the *guruparampara* thus coincides with a family tree, Bach-style. Some recommended sitar recordings: Ravi Shankar, *India's Master Musician* (World Pacific TL 5253); Ravi Shankar, *Music of India* (HMV ALP 1893); Vilayat Khan, *Music of India,* Volume 2 (HMV ALP 1988).

THE SARODE, a sort of super-banjo descended from a Bengali violin, is a comparative newcomer among the Indian instruments. It owes its present resplendent estate to the work of Ali Akbar Khan, who has brought the art of sarode playing to hitherto unsuspected heights of twang. In place of frets the sarode has a smooth fingerboard, like a violin, and the player controls pitch and vibrato with the fingertips of his left hand. Ali Akbar's sarode—made by his uncle out of teakwood from an old tree that had stood in his great-grandfather's garden—has a metal fingerboard and twenty-five metal strings. Ten of these are played with a plectrum made of coconut shell; the rest are side strings that hum sympathetically when the others are struck. The sarode sounds more metallic than the sitar and boings somewhat more sharply. In Ali Akbar's hands it is supremely adept at producing the slow quivers and slurs that account for the fluid grace or *gamaka* of Indian music. His microtones may lean into each other like reeds in the wind, and then suddenly ricochet like hailstones on the drumhead belly of his instrument.

Ali Akbar was born in 1922, at Shibpore in eastern Bengal; his father is the great Dr. Allauddin Khan, "a lone player immersed in the holiness of his art," now 105

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years old. Allauddin Khan began teaching his son at the age of three, carefully keeping him from hearing western music until the twig had been properly bent; he also taught Ravi Shankar, who went on to marry Ali Akbar's sister Annapurna. Ali Akbar made his debut at fourteen and earned the coveted Ustad (Master) degree at the age of twenty-five. Ten years ago he founded the Ali Akbar College of Music in Calcutta, and since last year has taught (together with his wife, the singer Rajdulari Khan) at the Berkeley, California, summer school of the American Society for Eastern Arts. The Connoisseur Society has issued two superb new recordings of his playing that should head any list of Indian music: Ustad Ali Akbar Khan, *Master Musician of India* (mono or stereo 462) and *Morning and Evening Ragas* (mono or stereo 1766).

THE VEENA (or vina) is king of South Indian instruments and one of the great twangers of all time. It has a four-thousand-year history and in Hindu mythology it is associated with Saraswathi, the goddess of art and learning. The veena's long neck is supported horizontally between two gourds, like a low coffee table; there are twenty-four movable frets and seven strings—four for the melody, the rest as drones. South Indian (Carnatic) music is a subdued and leisurely art that avoids the spectacular climaxes of the North Indian tradition. What matters to the veena player are the hairline distinctions between microtones, and in the process of following these to their logical conclusion he produces profoundly sinuous and insinuating dwoings. The veena's subtleties tend to be lost in the concert hall; it is meant to be heard in a palm-frond hut or in a garden at midnight, after a meal served on banana leaves under the South Indian sky. Barring that possibility, there are recordings that go well with sandwiches and such. Highly recommended: S. Balachander, a forty-year-old veena virtuoso from Madras, in *Music of Southern India* (Nonesuch 2003; stereo 72003).

The tamboura is a supporting player heard everywhere in India as background to the melody instruments. Tambouras come in several sizes; the most common looks like a sitar, but has only four metal strings, which are tuned to the tonic and the dominant (or subdominant) of the raga being played. These are steadily plucked, one after the other, from the highest to the lowest, and set up a continuous buzzing drone whose function is to furnish the listening ear with a central reference point. Tamboura players have to know what is happening, but their job is so monotonous that they always receive the smallest credit line on the program. The instrument's lowly status may be inferred from the fact that the soloists' wives are frequently assigned to it.

Tablas are two-piece drums that furnish percussion support for the sitar and the sarode; they are also capable of producing a sort of twang—a rare talent among percussion instruments. The tabla's twang is a ffwdd, actually: "like a galosh leaving the mud," as one Indian musicologist describes it. It is made by squeegeeing the palm across the head of the banya, the left-hand drum, which is a miniature nickel-plated copper version of a kettledrum. The right-hand drum, or tabla, is a wooden cylinder whose pitch can be adjusted by means of leather thongs. The right hand is the dreamer; it plays the ornaments and flights of fancy while the left hand maintains the beat.

Tabla players are expected to know their way around 108 *talas*, which are classical rhythmic patterns (some say the real total is closer to three hundred). A kettledrummer in the European tradition has to rehearse all day to work out Stravinsky's alternating bars of five-four-two-four, five-four, six-four, five-four, etc., in *Le Sacre du Printemps*. An Indian drummer thinks nothing of alternating bars of seven, eight, ten, or thirteen or sixteen beats, and seldom are more than a few bars out of a hundred drummed the same way.

Not only can he do it; he can also *say* it in the curious drum mnemonics known as *paran*. "Tin Tin NA; DHin Tirikita; Dhin NA," he sings for a rhythm of seven beats in three bars, or "DHi-Ka Ta-DHi Ka-Ti NARA; Tik-Ka Ta-DHi Ka-DHi NARA" for a fast eight in two bars. The drum code specifies which kind of stroke is to be used, and whether the note is played by the left hand, the right, or both. In South India they use the double-headed mridangam to back up the veena, and the local drum talk takes such forms as "Taiyum datta taiyum ta, taiyum datta taiyum ta." To say it is to get the swing of it. An arresting lifelike recording of tablas by Mahapururush Misra (Ali Akbar's drummer), complete with mnemonics, has just been released by Connoisseur Society (*Indian Drums*, mono or stereo 1466).

THE KOTO, Japan's national instrument since the seventeenth century, is six feet long and nearly a foot wide, yet light enough to carry under one arm. The koto is all body and no neck; its thirteen silken strings pass over a low ridge at both ends of the long, convex sounding board, and each is supported by an individual movable bridge. The player wears ivory "fingernail" plectra on the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand; his left is busy manipulating the thirteen bridges and twisting the strings, a method that accounts for such unusual varieties of twang as the "after-sharp" and the "twisted sharp." These delicate sounds, "more fleeting than the glint of withered leaf, wind-blown," as a haiku has it, are too fragile to stand up under concert-hall conditions but are ideal for a contemplative April afternoon with hi-fi and rain against the window panes. Shinichi Yuize, artist-in-residence at Columbia Univeristy last year, is the koto's best-known exponent in America. In his collection of *Koto Classics* (Nonesuch H 72008) he plays impressionist studies like "Riches and Honors," "Autumn Wind," and "Lingering Moonlight."

The kayakeum is a cousin of the koto invented in six-century Korea. It too is capable of quivering portamentos and a dozen different shades of twang. The outstanding kayakeum recital on disks was recorded at the University of Hawaii East-West Center by a thirty-year-old instructor of kayakeum at the National Musical Institute of South Korea. The record is entitled *Music from Korea*, Volume I (East-West EWM 11001), and the performer's name, appropriately enough, is Byongki Hwang.

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Don't Drink the Water

GERALD WEALES

AMONG the plays that the National Repertory Theatre is offering this season (their four-week run in New York begins on May 1) is *Tonight at 8:30,* three of the nine Noël Coward one-acters in which the playwright originally starred back in 1935. As usual with the NRT, the performance is adequate without being exciting, and my chief reaction, when I saw the show in Philadelphia, was mildly affectionate surprise that such flimsy exercises had any life left in them after thirty years of disfigurement at the hands of eager amateur groups. At about the time I was contemplating 1935 Coward, Robert W. Anderson's *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running* opened in New York to unbelievably glowing reviews. Why there should have been so excited a critical reception for four such lightweight plays is something of a mystery. After a jaundiced look at the Anderson offerings, I find Coward's staying power not at all surprising.

LIKE *Tonight at 8:30, You Know I Can't . . .* is an artificial creation designed to allow a small group of actors to show their versatility in roles that are presumably different in style, tone, and texture. The trick, with Coward, is that each of the short plays puts sharply drawn stereotypes through neatly plotted actions. Although this can be seen best in *Fumed Oak,* Coward's cartoon about the middle-class worm who turns and deserts his insufferable family, any of the one-acters the NRT is offering would serve as illustrations. The sophisticated brittleness of Coward's *Ways and Means* may have become soggy and the sentimentality in *Still Life* may now seem thick enough to provide treacle for a lifetime of tea parties for the Dormouse, but both plays are sustained by working plots that keep them from hanging helplessly in the air, mere sketches praying for an early blackout ending. By comparison the Anderson items are so tenuous that only by an act of will can one keep them in mind for the long trip from one's seat to the street door. If it seems a little unfair to use *Tonight at 8:30* as a yardstick, one can get the same sense of Anderson's feebleness by comparing *You Know I Can't . . .* with two short-play bills—Tennessee Williams's *Slapstick Tragedy* and Saul Bellow's *Under the Weather*—that died aborning last year.

In *Tonight at 8:30,* there was no connection—aside from the performers—among the plays that made up the bill. By a stretch of the imagination, one might say that the four one-acters that comprise *You Know I Can't . . .* have a common subject matter: all are about sex, or what passes for sex on Broadway. To recognize thematic kinships

among the four, however, is to suggest that Anderson is using the occasion to offer some kind of insights on the subject. If so, they escaped me. The plays celebrate sex, after a fashion, and they seem to favor the romantic over the clinical view, but for the most part the plays seem to be designed to tickle the Broadway audience—which gets more and more childish every year—on its naughty bone. It is probably kinder to think of these one-acters not as a group but as a stunt. One at a time, they are hard enough to contemplate.

THE EVENING opens with *The Shock of Recognition,* a show-business anecdote, which—if it does nothing else—contains the line that provides the title for the group of plays. It is essentially a long argument between a supposedly serious playwright, who wants to bring a naked man onstage to give the audience the titular shock, and his producer, who is embarrassed by the whole idea and is afraid of audience reaction. Anderson may intend a little fun at the expense of the prissy daring of the stage (compared to the movies, say) and he must surely have recognized that he was on the edge of a good comic device in his two main characters, whose presumed frankness is masked with a kind of prudishness. The result, however, is an exercise in popular naughtiness, not a satire on it. The audience snickers and gasps at every reference—direct or euphemistic—to the male organ, and when an actor is brought on stage to do a teasing strip, the hilarity knows no bounds. If the sketch had been cut to fifteen lines capped with the entrance of a very ordinary naked man, it might have had some point. As it is, it sets the tone of the whole evening—indulgence for the audience and self-indulgence for the playwright.

The second play, *The Footsteps of Doves,* is the best of the lot, if only because it is a joke with a plot. A still frisky man and his menopausal wife come to a store to buy twin beds to replace the double on which they have spent twenty-five years of married life. While the wife conveniently exits in search of headboards, the man meets a willing young woman and makes tentative arrangements to move his double bed to a new location, where he can still use it in the spirit in which he thinks it deserves to be used. Since the story is as neat and obvious as a medieval fabliau and the man, whom Martin Balsam plays as a tubby, middle-aged Robert Morse, has charm, the play withstands a tendency to be kittenish and the audience's inevitable assumption that mattresses are automatically funny.

The third play, *I'll Be Home for Christmas,* is Anderson at his familiar worst. He is a man who has some sense of the complexity of human motivation and of the sadness and loss implicit in moving from youth to middle age, but he cannot write about these things without bathing the stage in syrup. This was clear in *Silent Night, Lonely Night* (1959), his last schmaltzy Broadway offering, and in *The Days Between* (1965), which was the first play offered by the American Playwrights Theatre, an organization that provides unproduced plays for college and community theatres. There is a

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kind of stage sentimentality, the kind that Coward uses in *Still Life* and Anderson uses in the famous be-kind scene at the end of *Tea and Sympathy,* which is obviously hokum but which is still acceptable as a kind of theatrical game, a distant and undemeaning reflection of real life. The sentimentality of the more recent Anderson plays and of *I'll Be Home for Christmas* is a softening of something serious, a manipulation of a possible truth, which is—at least to me—repellent. It is neither the artificiality of sentimental melodrama nor naturalism's attempt at truth. It is to art as Dear Abby is to Freud. It looks uncomfortable these days, as witness Frank D. Gilroy's just closed *That Summer—That Fall,* a soap-opera rendering of the legend of Phaedra; perhaps television is more properly its home. Fortunately, *You Know I Can't . . .* ended not with the throat-lumping third play but with *I'm Herbert,* a one-gag comic sketch in which two much-married old people reminisce in a confusion of name and event, ending with the shared recollection of an ecstasy that they could never have shared in fact.

WHATEVER fun there is to be had at *You Know I Can't . . .* lies in the performances. George Grizzard, fresh from the repertories, plays the sincere but innocuous playwright, an effeminate mattress salesman, and an elegant old man to suggest that there are physical differences as well as those of situation and psychology among the characters. Martin Balsam cannot quite mask the physical fact of himself, but nevertheless with nuance and humor he plays a dead-loss actor coming on strong, the mattress-buying husband, and a middle-aged man beset by the sorrow of it all. Eileen Heckart, who has more talent than versatility, does not really belong in a show intended to demonstrate variety of acting experience, but several times she does do her familiar angular and brittle bit, with the tears just under the edge of it, and as usual does it well. None of them, however, gives a performance so incontestably fine that one can hear it above Anderson's running water.

Ballerinas and Bathers

ALFRED WERNER

"HE WAS A MONSTER": so begins a famous essay on Richard Wagner. An article on Edgar Degas (1834-1917), the painter, printmaker, draftsman, sculptor, and poet, might well open with the same words, even though there is a world of difference between the megalomaniac composer and the artist who just wanted to be left alone. For Degas was a stubborn misanthrope and a misogynist to boot. He wounded everyone with his sharp wit—one colleague complained that after an encounter with Degas he was unable to work for several days—and he finally was left without any friends. His virulent anti-Semitism did not spare his colleague and fellow Impressionist, the gentle Camille Pissarro. With the possible exception of his imitator, Jean Louis Forain, who even drew anti-Semitic cartoons, Degas was the most vehement foe among artists of the innocent Captain Dreyfus. Degas also hated Protestants, critics, politicians, reformers, the new French Republic, and such newfangled inventions as the automobile and the telephone. Some who knew him well protested that he was not really the monster he liked to appear, that he deliberately cultivated the image of "that terrible Monsieur Degas" to keep away people who might take up too much of his time. For he was a compulsive worker who felt "guilty, stupid, worthless" if he had not done his daily stint. Few artists of his day were as persevering, as strict with themselves as Degas.

He was certainly not a pleasant character, but he undoubtedly had genius. He drew superbly well, often repeating again and again not only the same subject but also the same model in the same pose. A wise selection from these often small but always significant works makes up the show "Drawings by Degas," commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his death. It opened at the City Art Museum of St. Louis, is currently on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art (to April 30), and will be at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts from May 18 through June 25. One hundred and fifty-six items—some never seen in this country before—have been borrowed from private and public collections, including those of the Louvre and the Musée du Petit Palais in Paris and of museums in London, Oxford, Basel, and Rotterdam. The works include all the draftsman's media—pencil, pen and ink, charcoal, chalk, and pastels. Occasionally Degas also drew with a brush dipped in oil or watercolor, and he frequently combined two or even three media to achieve certain tonal effects and made use of tinted papers.

"DRAWING," the art historian Henri Focillon has written, "can catch the past and the eternal with an economy and force which exceeds even the rich possibilities

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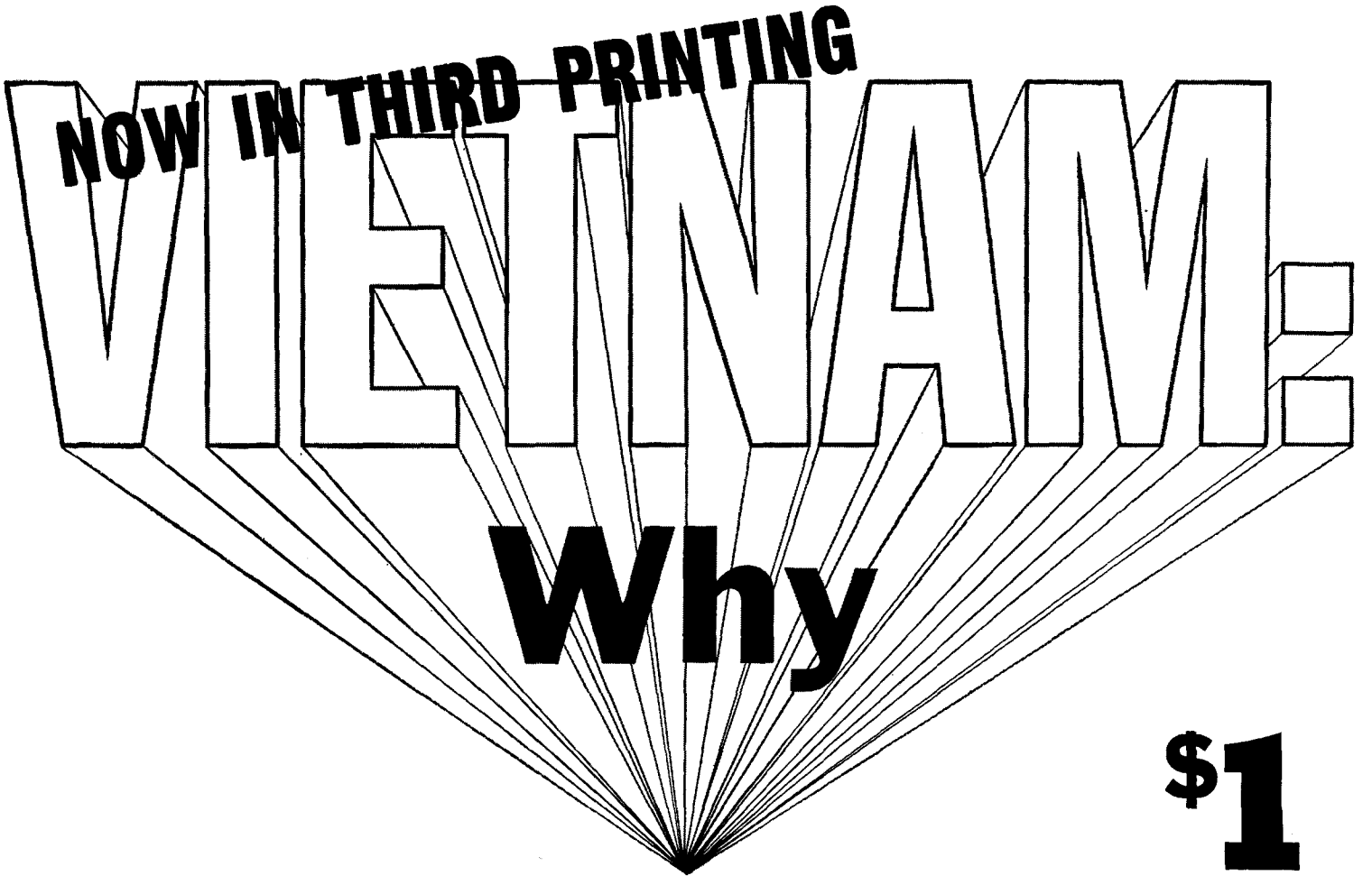

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of color." Indeed, many prefer Degas' drawings to his oils, for some of his paintings, based on countless preliminary sketches, are too rigidly composed. Though admirable, they somehow lack the spontaneity and vivacity one so cherishes in his less premeditated work.

In his youth he was overly influenced by that all too precise draftsman, Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres. It took Degas many years to learn to respond directly, without the moralizing or rationalizing interference of the mind, to the impact of outside stimuli. Still, even the carefully wrought tiny self-portrait done at twenty-one when he was a student (No. 1 in the show) reveals his ability to pierce the mask of a face and probe deeply into character. Both haughtiness and diffidence come through, qualities which, in the course of years, were to grow to enormous proportions. The areas around the eyes and the mouth are modeled conscientiously. The young artist's instinctive sense of sculptural form is noticeable, too. Meticulously drawn also are the likenesses of members of the Degas family, and the copies that Degas made from Old Master paintings and engravings in the Louvre, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and in Italy.

Gradually, Degas learned to do with fewer and fewer lines, as if to prove the famous proposition of his German admirer, the painter Max Liebermann, "Art is the art of omission." Later, when near-blindness forced Degas to turn to a medium allowing broad lines and offering the high visibility of strong color, he used layers of pastel chalk, piling one surface upon another and achieving a fresco effect of monumental power (some of the late pastels are fairly large).

WHILE there are portraits in the show—of Edouard Manet and that gifted painter from Pennsylvania, Mary Cassatt, among others—and pictures of musicians, jockeys, and circus acrobats, Degas' favorite topic was the depersonalized and often faceless woman, either as a scantily dressed ballerina or as a nude bather. It is this subject that accounts for about three-fourths of the show.

Degas and Woman—what a theme for a psychological study! Degas—among whose many wisecracks this strange definition of love is often quoted: "To shoot with the eyes bandaged"—once dreamed of acquiring a good wife, of raising a family, of living comfortably like any bourgeois. Yet he remained a bachelor at his death at eighty-three, and his biographers have been unable to document even one love affair with any certainty. The painter Berthe Morisot reported that he once pretended to make love to her, but "This turned out to be

nothing but a long dissertation on the proverbs of Solomon and the effect of a brawling woman on a wise man." Artists often fall in love with their models, but to Degas these women, who were the only visitors to his cluttered studio, were just living tools. They were, as his biographer François Fosca put it, "convenient pretexts for searching out all possible solutions to the problems raised by bodies in movement, forms in play." Degas did confess once to a colleague that although he was growing old his heart had remained young, and "The ballet dancers have stitched it up in a pink satin bag, dusty rose-colored satin like their dancing shoes."

But if he did feel any affection for the young ladies he admired on the stage, it is not established by his drawings. The sculptor Maillol believed that anyone who did not love women could not be an artist. His colleague Rodin felt that by drawing the woman nude, the artist was "rendering her the homage of adoration." Degas' homage was not of adoration. Joris Karl Huysmans deplored a "strain of contempt and hatred" in the master's approach to the nude. Of his pastels the novelist wrote that they "reeked" of "the stumps of the maimed, the embrace of the prostitute, the sickening gait of the legless cripple." Degas made no attempt to conceal his hostility toward women. Once, upon being asked why his female sitters generally looked ugly, he replied, "Because women generally *are* ugly."

Yet this professed misogynist had one passion—the ballet. He had his accustomed place up front in the orchestra and, as a season-ticket holder, had the privilege of wandering about backstage. He made the most of this by sketching under the partial concealment of his large dark cloak. He observed the little *rats*, as the young dancers in training are called, practicing or resting and weary, their muscles either taut or tired.

IN THE current show, no well-paid ballerinas are depicted. "It was not the celebrated, wealthy, and feted ballet girls who interested Degas," Camille Mauclair wrote, "but the poor little plebeians of the *corps de ballet*, representing the unknown and sorrowful reverse of illusion." Degas watched the young girls from the working-class districts rehearsing in the bare, cold rooms of the Opéra: "They came there from their wretched lodgings . . . girls already vicious and even devoted to harlotry. Their salaries were scant, their work exceedingly hard. Physical exercise disarticulated their ill-nourished young bodies from which an excessive muscular effort was demanded. A thankless profession indeed!—and one which those adolescent girls chose more in the hope of meeting some serious *entreteneur* than of securing leading roles in the limelight, and finally attaining to the glory of a 'star.'"

If he did not love them, Degas could have pitied them. But he wasted no emotion on them: "The dance is for me only an excuse to draw." His sharp eye did catch and his hand did summarize in a few decisive strokes the weariness and frailty of the young body, but they

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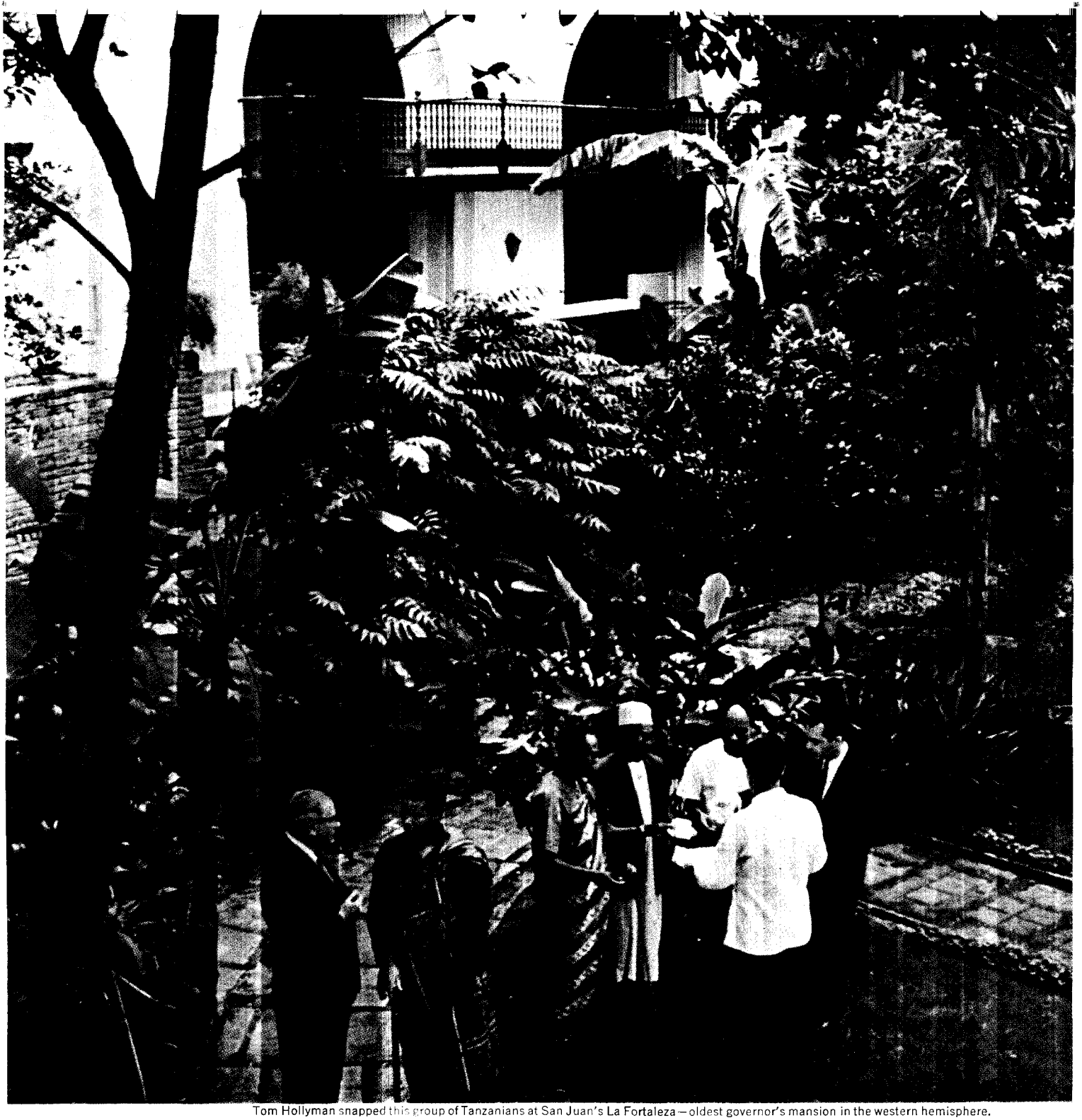

Tom Hollyman snapped this group of Tanzanians at San Juan's La Fortaleza—oldest governor's mansion in the western hemisphere.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 167

by HENRY ALLEN

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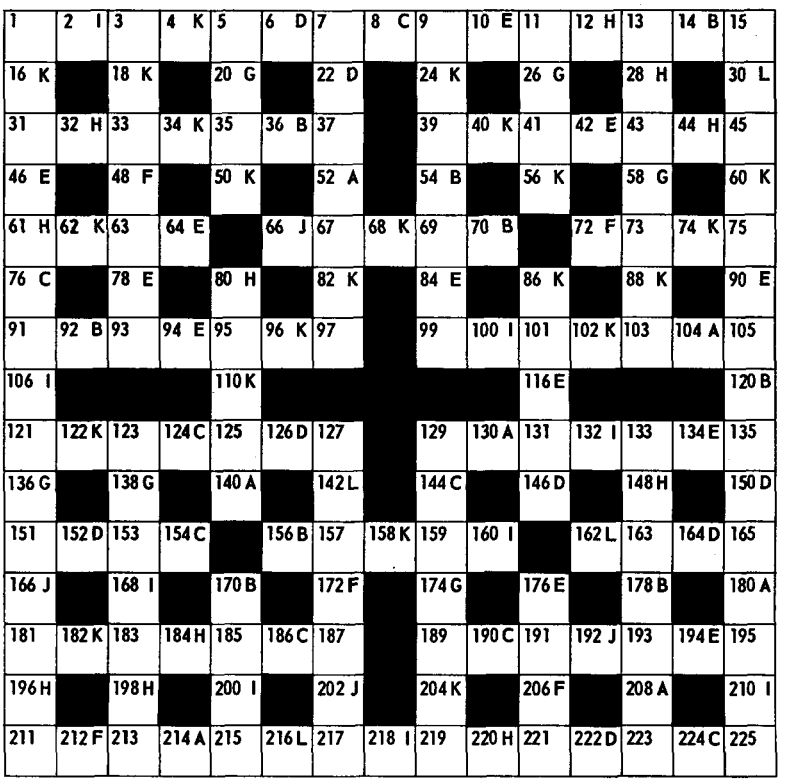
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A

52 130 180 208 140 104 214 Arbitrator.

B

36 92 70 178 14 54 156 120 170 Supervise something. (7,2).

C

190 124 144 186 8 154 76 224 Indian water carrier.

D

152 164 150 126 6 22 146 222 ". . .for 'tis the sport to have the_____ Hoist with his own petar." Shakespeare, "Hamlet."

E

94 176 10 78 134 64 116 42 194 46

90 84 How the lawyer may operate after a mistrial (5,3,4).

F

206 172 48 72 212 "Thou, silent form, dost_____ us out of thought." Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

G

174 26 136 20 138 58 Ancient name for what is now France.

H

80 196 198 12 28 32 220 44 184 148 61 "But_____ forelock watchful wait." Milton, "Paradise Regained" (2,9).

I

168 2 200 106 218 210 132 100 160 Risen and gone (2,3,4).

J

166 192 202 66 Measures of yarn.

K

88 68 96 102 182 24 86 50 4 62 60 74

16 158 122 204 34 110 56 82 40 18 The March of Dimes, for example (12,10).

L

162 216 30 142 Public vehicle.

ACROSS

1. A frequently used valise; that's self-evident (4,3,4,4).
31. Vehicle of the Acrostician.
39. How's Rip, the eminent churchman?
61. Part of a window in Kansas homes sometimes.
66. What are you trying to do, loves?
72. Eye trouble in last year's vision.
91. Verse in to upturn.
99. Ancient king a mess? Are you sure?
121. Greeting or a weather report? (3,4).
129. The bee went in the middle.
151. May be poetic or pedal.
156. Kind of word that's skeletal finally?
162. Fish for Mom's sister?
181. Fake or I'm a riddle.
189. Cause of distant increase of affection.
211. Overall mess of high officer Di's command. (7,8).

DOWN

1. Do the Scots dance only rarely? It's a rare sport (10,5).
3. Unpopular kind of levee, all at once.
5. Accomplice in a totally different kind of way.
7. City that rioted with tea.
9. But we hover around.
11. Spicy in attar temptation, perhaps.
13. Faithful friend has a hat in aces.
15. Shipping terror or showing it? (10,1,4).
80. But this man doesn't often win this trophy.
86. Hits from the "Times."
123. Recline, if on a bed, or commit perjury, if on oath (3,4).
127. Free and easy kind of politician.
129. A gable in an Eastern language.
133. Does he need run? He's gone to pot.
170. Monarch in the finest sarcophagus.
176. Broken toes make part of Idaho's motto.

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did it coldly. His unsmiling girls adjust their slippers, stretch their muscles, try out their steps, but one feels that they are bored to death, that they hate being controlled in every pose and gesture. This impression is strong, even though the faces, if at all visible, remain only the most rudimentary sketches. Degas, who could draw a human face better than anyone if he cared to, gave us more or less interchangeable little creatures, their "faces" overshadowed by the expressive dynamism of arms and legs. All he wished to do was to render movement. Where he used color—in the oil paintings and in the pastels—the dancers were for him only pretexts for displaying fireworks of chromatics in the gaily colored skirts and bodices.

Gradually the execution of these drawings becomes more and more summary and abridged, partly because the artist's eyesight was progressively weakening, but partly also because of an inherent trend toward abstraction that anticipates twentieth-century developments. Yet to the end he remained a master of the perfect design. That end apparently came about 1905, when the master had reached his threescore and ten but had yet to live, most wretchedly, a dozen years. At any rate, the last drawing in the show, "Dancers on the Stage," is from that year. In a note in the excellent catalogue, Jean Sutherland Boggs, chief architect of the exhibition and now director of the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, draws attention to the mood expressed by the aged artist, solitary and almost forgotten:

"Their frail bodies lost substance and became tremulous spirits. This charcoal has a rather anxious intensity in the foreground where the three dancers meet and talk to each other, but the dancers in the background are a flutter of red chalk. All seem ghosts of the memories Degas was trying to summon up from the past."

DEGAS' nudes—the last in the show dates from 1900—are not the cheerful, enticing little creatures whom the friendly and happy family man Renoir entertained in his studio. Apparently they were not required to be pretty at all, just willing to yield to Degas' whim and take a bath in his presence. For them, and for this purpose, he kept a tin tub and several washbasins in his studio. He once sighed, "See what difference time has made—two centuries ago I would have painted Susannah at the bath!" But even if he had been a contemporary of Poussin, he would

still have drawn and painted as realistically as he did, for biblical themes were not for this man who had little imagination and—this alone relates him to the Impressionists—could render only what he could observe. The historical compositions he painted in his youth were failures.

He viewed his visitors—stepping from the tub or sprawled on the sofa—as an animal keeper might study his caged creatures. To him they were scarcely different from the horses he sketched at the racetracks, except that the horses look elegant and sometimes even aristocratic. He dethroned the idealized woman of Cabanel, Bouguereau, and Leighton and delivered her up, defenseless, to the curiosity of the observer. "I show them deprived of their airs and affectations, reduced to the level of animals cleaning themselves," he said. His bather was "a cat licking herself," and he gives us a glossary of all the conceivable positions and expressions of a woman washing herself.

The hair is disheveled; the pose, as the model twists her body and stretches her limbs, is so ungraceful that an Ingres, a Giorgione, or a Titian would have rejected it as repulsive. In many cases, the face again is hidden, or the model turns her back to us. ("With a back we can reveal age, temperament, social position," the artist maliciously maintained.) As she bends over, her buttocks, exaggeratedly large, appear closest to the beholder. When these drawings were first shown, many considered them insults to womanhood, and the avant-garde dealer Ambroise Vollard was not alone in considering them "cruel."

Perhaps Degas wished unconsciously to revenge himself on woman, although he would have admitted only that these impersonal bodies, in all their curvatures and contrasts of dark and light, provided him with spontaneous movement. But isn't there another element behind them? With particular reference to the final works, Dr. Boggs notes in the catalogue that they reveal the artist's own irritations and frustrations: "These drawings often seem the most moving to twentieth-century eyes because they express the anxieties which have troubled our century most."

INDEED, Degas' drawings can be highly appreciated even by those who would dismiss his paintings as old-fashioned—a term often used by those who have not yet learned that there is neither old nor new but only good or bad art. Degas' proto-Expressionist sketchiness must still appeal to those who love only the unfinished, the incomplete. And the morbid. There is plenty of anti-feminism in the art world of today: witness the shows of "Erotic Art" in which females are presented in two- or three-dimensional renderings and as repellently as possible. Conceivably, these new image-makers are not real monsters either, but just unhappy men or women. They do not, however, have the talent or the assiduity of the man who, admiring Ingres' drawing of a woman's hand, declared:

"That is my idea of genius, a man who finds a hand so lovely that he will shut himself up all his life, content to do nothing else but indicate fingernails."

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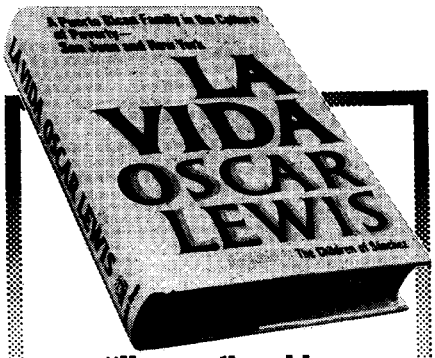

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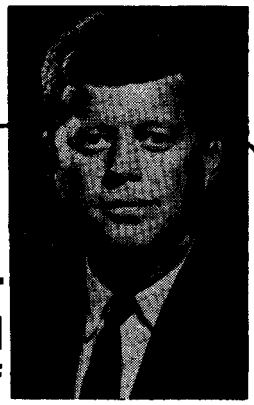

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A Primer on Prying

ADAM CLYMER

THE INTRUDERS: THE INVASION OF PRIVACY BY GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY, by Senator Edward V. Long. *Praeger. $5.95.*

Official wiretapping and bugging have always had a strange mixture of foes, all high-minded in argument if not in motive. They range from Justice Louis D. Brandeis and impeccably liberal editorial writers to such friends of James R. Hoffa as right-wing publisher William Loeb and Z. T. Osborn, a Nashville attorney who, through a bugged informer, was convicted of attempting to bribe a man who was to serve on a jury trying Hoffa for attempting to bribe a juror.

An almost equally diverse lot are the cautious friends of electronic surveillance who emphasize its value in combatting crime. They extend from cops, private detectives, FBI officials, and district attorneys to Senators Robert F. Kennedy and James O. Eastland and House Minority leader Gerald R. Ford.

This year, however, the disunited foes have a chance. President Johnson has joined their ranks by proposing a bill about as tough as the Constitution would allow. It is designed to outlaw almost all wiretapping and most bugging by planted microphones. Besides LBJ's commitment, there are two key factors that give anti-wiretap legislation a chance. One is the Justice Department's series of frank admissions of electronic eavesdropping by the FBI in organized-crime probes, with the monitoring of all sorts of irrelevant chats, including conversations between Bobby Baker and his associates.

THE OTHER factor is Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri. His revelations, summarized in his *The Intruders*, have had in some ways an even more disturbing impact. The FBI's snooping, after all, was at least aimed at gamblers and crooks. But the Internal Revenue Service, Long's chief target, has nothing like the FBI's reputation for centralized supervision and, on the face of it, far less excuse for eavesdropping. His book is a topical, concise primer on the growth of official prying, mainly through electronics. It also has some discussion of bugging and wiretapping in industry.

The Missouri Democrat himself reflects the wiretap opposition's mixed nature, which up to now has made it too weak to overcome law-enforcement agencies' pressures. He has received some civil-liberties awards to honor his aims, but his well-publicized traveling hearings have not always been as elevated as his announced goals. Some of his critics—usually from the agencies he has fought—have questioned these goals, pointing at his friendly association with some Teamsters and asking why he has criticized the Hoffa case and tangled with Kennedy while leaving J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI unscathed.

Still, since early 1965 his hearings have unveiled widespread prying and a pompous official unconcern about breaking the law if it's for a "good" purpose. His critics do not question that he and his subcommittee counsel, Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., have unearthed and halted or curtailed—at least for the moment—a long and unpleasant list of government snooping activities. Long, who is skeptical of claims that all this has stopped, says that his investigation "not only substantiated the most pessimistic views but has revealed a degree of snooping that defies even the most cynical imagination." Moreover, his hearings certainly influenced President Johnson's June 30, 1965, ban on all Federal wiretapping and illegal eavesdropping outside the national-security area.

LONG'S BOOK is a summary of his hearings and others, along with simple histories of relevant Supreme Court decisions and past legislative

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attempts to cope with the problem. He closes with some proposed legislative and administrative remedies. These are less bold in attacking bugging than the administration's proposed ban—on the manufacture and sale of such equipment in interstate commerce.

Even though I had seen it all before, Long's chapter "The Eavesdropper's Arsenal" was still awesome. He effectively summarizes the growth of this particular area of technology: the varieties of telephone wiretaps, the susceptibility to eavesdropping of everything from a windowpane to a Muzak system, and the development of miniaturized equipment.

Long tells the technical story straight but writes with sarcasm for official duplicity as exemplified by the supplying of lock picks for IRS agents attending a school where they learned wiretapping while official policy forbade it. And he has comparable scorn for telephone companies that fire, but to avoid publicity do not prosecute, employees engaged in wiretapping.

Long concedes that the problem has Congressional as well as administrative roots in weak legislation. The Justice Department, under Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, banned all wiretapping by its agents in 1940. But President Roosevelt, reportedly pressed by the FBI, overruled Jackson and directed that wiretapping be allowed in national-security cases, preferably involving aliens. To facilitate this shift, as Long tells it, Jackson interpreted Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act to mean that the intercepting or the divulging of telephone conversations was a crime only if both acts were combined. That made it permissible to intercept without divulging.

On the other half of the wiretapping problem—the Federal government's failure to prosecute state and local police who both intercept and divulge—Long doesn't even bother to retell the Justice Department's plaintive argument that the law, after all, is weak. "The Justice Department's use of wiretapping and its double standard of enforcement, running from lukewarm efforts against private wiretappers to none at all against law-enforcement wiretappers, has had a disastrous effect on privacy in the United States," he concludes. "Congress and the Supreme Court have done little enough in this area, but even this little has been mostly undone by the attitude of the Justice Department."

But regardless of Long's proper indignation, the book, like the hearings, falls short of being a completely persuasive call for legislation. It would not be hard to pass legislation to outlaw eavesdropping by private investigators, industry, and ordinary busybodies. But complete bans on police and FBI bugging and wiretapping will meet much more resistance.

The Intruders scarcely examines the FBI's bugging work at all. Attorney General Ramsey Clark has called that work worthless, and he has pored over stacks of eavesdropped conversations. FBI officials, of course, disagree. But only if one has a total commitment to civil liberties does it make no difference at all whether these techniques are effective, and if so, how and against what crimes. It will take more than Clark's opinion and some old quotations from J. Edgar Hoover to settle that issue. And it is a serious one, for if the President could not quiet Hoover on an issue so peripheral to the FBI as the Soviet consular convention, the chances of silencing him on this issue seem remote.

Nor does Long examine just how much wiretapping and bugging local and state police do, though he does say they wiretap "very frequently." He contends that states with laws that permit wiretapping do not have lower crime rates, which proves little. He merely catalogues state legislation, which may or may not have anything to do with actual practice. Long does list a few notorious foul-ups but omits the successes—in police terms—such as the bugging in New York's State Liquor Authority scandal, now pending before the Supreme Court. Here again, when even President Johnson is borrowing a phrase from Barry Goldwater to propose a Safe Streets and Crime Control Act, the defenders of police practices will be able to tell their Congressmen—without effective rebuttal from Long—that the war on crime needs electronic weapons.

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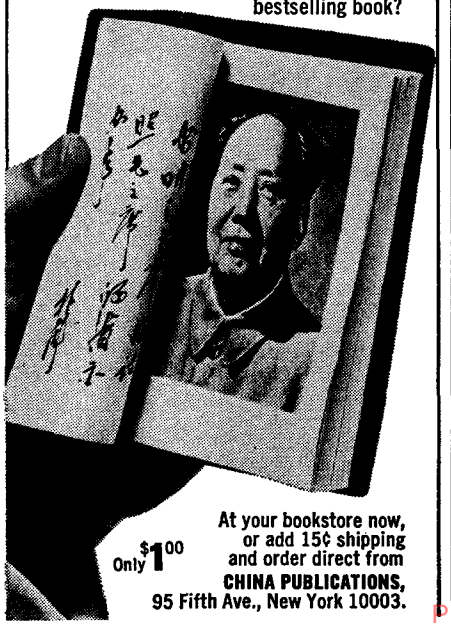

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McLuhan's Own Trot

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

THE MEDIUM IS THE MASSAGE, by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore. *Random House* (Hardbound), *$10.95. Bantam* (Paperback), *$1.45.*

Although recognition of Marshall McLuhan was far from immediate, by now nearly everyone, whether agreeing with him or not, acknowledges that his insights into contemporary life are both outrageously novel and considerably perceptive. Because he dictates rather than writes his books—his words here, I assume, were transcribed from conversations—he is determined to be an oral prophet, repeating his messages over and over again. Where the world was before disinclined to listen, now McLuhan is blessed with hordes of Boswells, both human and electronic, eager to copy it all down, as well as, by now, nearly as many publishers who will package it.

When McLuhan produces what is, by traditional standards, an outright non-book in *The Medium is the Massage,* the result is at least an original and beautiful non-book. Any reader with traditional conceptions of what a book should be (or how much labor a supposedly serious scholar should pour into writing one) will find *Massage* appalling, but it is, just the same, a useful introduction to McLuhan's major ideas—perhaps the best that we have—as well as an imaginative example of the medium's possibilities.

The Medium is the Massage is a cross between an art book and a comic—a twentieth-century version of the medieval illuminated manuscripts; and as the medium comprises a good deal of the message, the hardbound version, nearly three times the size of the paperback, seems a more formal and serious work, more appropriate for the library or the coffee table than the subway or bathroom, although in text the two editions differ not at all. The visual devices of *Massage* are accompanied by McLuhan's prose glosses and occasional quotations from other sages, and the visual and written dimensions have various degrees of relation to each other. The design is strikingly imaginative and yet a trifle incoherent—the work of Quentin Fiore, whom the cover lists as co-author. Since one of McLuhan's postulates is that art imitates art, *The Medium is the Massage* will probably become the model for many hastily composed but less brilliant non-books.

McLuhan's words here probably do not number more than five thousand; and he has presented almost all the ideas in other places. Nonetheless, scattered throughout are some of the most concise statements he has ever published of certain of his basic ideas. McLuhan's major characteristic as a writer is that he is essentially the master of the brilliantly illuminating sentence; where most essayists organize their ideas into measured and coherently structured paragraphs, McLuhan offers a series of jerky sentences that relate to each other in diverse ways, split into paragraphs nearly at random, and attain widely varying degrees of insight. Whoever edited this book (his identity is not clear) simply pared away the verbiage to set off the treasures.

THE TITLE is itself an example of McLuhan's Joycean technique of discovering insights in the process of playing with language. Where his primary aphorism was once "the medium is the message," now McLuhan puns the last word into "massage" and finds another dimension of his original thesis—that the medium itself affects us as much as the content, especially as it metaphorically massages. By inducing us to relax and absorb its stimuli, it changes our sensory balances. The massage of TV differs from the massage of a book, which in turn differs from that of a musical concert. McLuhan once said of his own primary medium, "I use language as a probe," and merely in the juggling of words—"When information is brushed against information"—he finds magical perceptions that would probably escape more logical processes.

"Politics offers yesterday's answers to today's questions" is the most meaningful sentence in the book. It

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contains the truth that much political thought, particularly "radical thought," is actually based upon nineteenth-century models that ignore twentieth-century realities; as a result, most plans for designing contemporary institutions, whether individual buildings or entire nations, fall short of their aims, precisely because they disregard such hidden but essential factors as the impact of electronic media and changing sensory awareness. Therefore, the more we probe into the invisible and subtle forces that shape our existence and the more new knowledge we gain into our unprecedented environment—an essentially unending process—the more comprehensively can we alter the world around us to suit our needs.

INDEED, I would argue that at this time, *information lag is a primary cause of needless social distress in the world.* Not only do governments at all levels often act out of ignorance but they also insufficiently translate new knowledge into useful action. The discrepancy between capability and actuality lends an urgency to the thought of our times; in consequence, although McLuhan does not portray himself as a raging activist, everything he says is of political relevance.

Wonderful Town

ANDREW M. GREELEY

DIVISION STREET: AMERICA, by Studs Terkel. *Pantheon. $5.95.*

When I was growing up on Chicago's Division Street, it would never have entered my mind that such an undistinguished thoroughfare would ever be immortalized even metaphorically in the title of a book. My particular section, located both physically and socially about halfway between Nelson Algren's Division Street and the Division Street of the River Forest aristocracy, was distinguished only by the Rockne Theatre (which you could get into for fifteen cents before 6:30 in the evening), Motto's Drug Store (from which my generation was daily expelled for making too much noise), Fred's Pool Hall (which a decent, respectable young man like me would never go into), the Rose Bowl Soda Fountain (which was owned by Greeks and hence not to be trusted), and the most inefficient streetcar line in the whole city of Chicago. We who lived on or near Division Street or who crossed it on our way to school were not inclined to think that it was simply an average Chicago business thoroughfare. It was far less than average, and no one in his right mind could have understood how it could become part of the title of a best-selling book.

I wonder how many of my friends from Division Street days of nearly thirty years ago will hear of Studs Terkel's book. I suppose not many of them will read it at this stage of their lives. But if they did work their way through Terkel's painfully beautiful interviews with several score "typical" Chicagoans, they might understand much about their city, much about themselves, and much about the world in which they have been forced to live.

The mosaic of Chicago life that this skillful interviewer has composed can legitimately be classed as a new kind of poetry, a poetry that perhaps we will see more of in years to come. Unlike other poets, Terkel does not use his own words to produce emotion but the words of other people skillfully woven together around themes that are always implicit though never invisible. The impact of his poetry is at times so overwhelming that at least one native Chicagoan had to put the book aside before he could return to the contemplation of this compelling picture of his city.

AND YET one must disagree. Terkel has the "feel" of Chicago. In most respects his Chicago is my Chicago and the Chicago of all of us who are caught in a love-hate relationship with that beautiful, senseless, absurd Second City. But in one important respect, Studs Terkel's Chicago is not my Chicago and Studs Terkel's Division Street is not my Division Street. If there is any flaw in his poetic vision of the metropolis, it is the flaw which compels

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him to see the political and social structure of the city with a romantic sentimentality characteristic of many of Chicago's liberal intellectuals.

When I was growing up on Division Street, the local alderman of the Cook County Democratic organization was a brilliant and scholarly lawyer who manifested the very best of the wisdom of the Irish legal tradition. He has gone on to become a distinguished judge in the U.S. appellate court and has written widely on matters not only of law but also of culture and art. No one would hold that this alderman was typical of the organization. On the other hand, the Democratic Party in Chicago is as complex as the city itself, and those whom it elects to public office range from the very good to the very bad, from the very able to the very inept, just as does the whole population of Chicago.

In a democratic society, one could not expect a political organization to be any different. Yet Terkel apparently does, for his book is clearly filled with good people and bad people. The good people are the social workers like Jane Addams and Jessie Binford, the little people like Florence Scala who fight the politicians, the Negro therapist's aide who reads Faulkner, and the Irish cop who has a copy of *An American Dilemma*. The bad guys are the politicians and rich North Shore aristocrats, with the occasional lower-middle-class Birchite thrown in for good measure. Thus the politician who speaks to us (under the thinly disguised name of Terence Ignatius Boyle) is a clown and a fool and the North Shore clubwoman a babbling nitwit. It is hard to escape the notion that in Terkel's vision, intelligent and able politicians and sensitive, dedicated inhabitants of the North Shore are nonexistent, while the intelligent and sensitive poor are all around. Such is a pleasant view of reality and one quite in keeping with the liberal mystique. It is also sentimental nonsense.

THE LIBERAL INTELLECTUAL in Chicago has never been able to swallow the Democratic organization. He may have read James Q. Wilson and Edward Banfield and have come to understand that Chicago is possibly the best governed of any major city in the United States. He may also be committed in international relations and even in national politics to the principle of government by consensus. He may deeply distrust ideological politics. Yet when he focuses on the city of Chicago, he becomes extremely ideological and wants no part of the adroit politician who can maintain tenuous political consensus in an extraordinarily complex city. The liberal intellectual may now have no alternative for keeping the ethnic minorities in Chicago from each other's throats, but he still knows he wants no part of the Cook County organization or its leader. Recently I heard a distinguished social scientist say that it would be immoral to take part in any research for the city of Chicago because no social scientist who had a sense of ethics could possibly co-operate with Mayor Richard J. Daley in any way. Indeed he went so far as to suggest that race riots next summer could be accepted more readily than for a social scientist to co-operate with the mayor.

One does not necessarily expect that liberals or intellectuals should be enthusiastic about Mayor Daley or the political organization which he has inherited. It has faults, some of them considerable. But the point is that it is not the assembly of demons that the liberal intellectual (particularly of the Hyde Park-University of Chicago variety) would make it. It may be responsible for many bad things in Chicago. It is also responsible for much that is good. Indeed one would suspect that the organization has done more for the various minority groups in Chicago than many of Terkel's heroes and heroines. But the WASP and Jewish intellectuals have never been kindly disposed toward Irish politicians.

Studs Terkel could rightly object that he is not a sociologist and is not trying to give a perfectly accurate portrait of Division Street. Poets surely cannot be held to precise descriptions of political reality. Nevertheless, any vision of Chicago, poetic or unpoetic, that casts the Democratic organization in the role of pure villain must be considered either naïve or sentimental or quite possibly both.

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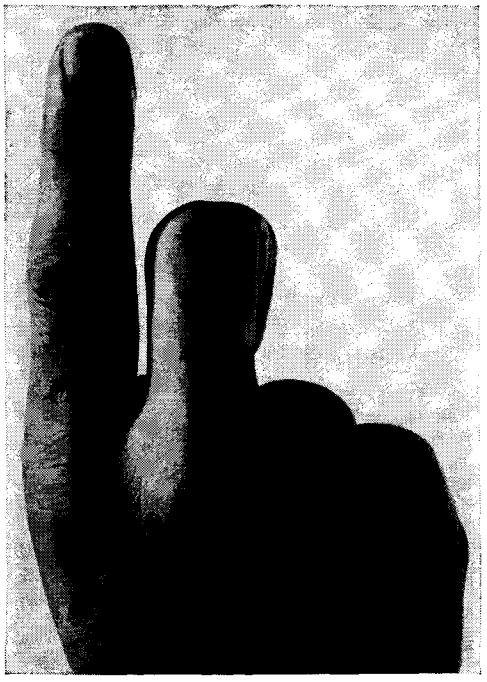

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